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THE TREND

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A MODERN DRAMA

BY

JAMES SMITH ROLLOW

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PREFACE

THE author realizes that he has taken an unusual course by inserting narrative in a drama. He is also mindful that plays are not read by the general reading public, due, he thinks, that purely dramatic work in type lacks picturesqueness or food for the imagination; therefore his reason is obvious and manifold; first, to be brief; secondly, to picture the action of characters; and thirdly, to make the scenes as vivid as possible. He has also held more to the warmth of feeling than to cold mathematical methods or precision. The work incites some speculation in character development. Katherine Janeway, a foundling infant, adopted by indulgent and wealthy parents, seems to develop a dreamy nature, and at times is emotional, vivacious or serious. The good reader will only have to exert his imagination in a slight degree to picture the whimsical young woman, after a life of indulgence in childhood, and her following life in a convent for several years, on meeting a handsome and brilliant man who is evidently the idol of her fondest dreams, and under the circumstances proposes marriage and carry out a Leap year privilege, according to tradition. On

the other hand, Raleigh, a man of the world and apparently experienced in all that is attractive to his nature, lacks warmth and craves for some form of novelty on seeing Katherine, who turns out to be the very ideal of his thoughts, becomes animated and apparently loses his self-control temporarily and answers her in the same strain as she (Katherine) had given herself up to on his arrival, first shows that the poetical or gentler side of his nature had been touched. After a few moments he realizes his position and vows to another, and retracts.

Nature is so varied in her works and characters, if no such incident is recorded as is pictured, it is quite possible in these days of incessant activity. While the high order of man Mr. Janeway so warmly contends for may be in abeyance and not within our grasp or imagination, and if our intelligence has not reached that condition where we can thoroughly trust each other's honesty in the common pursuits of life, it is at least time to reflect upon our material and mental growth for comparison, and conclude that our only salvation is in turning toward the building up of our mental vigor and moral work, to keep pace with our material achievements and to advance our civilization to a higher plane for the purpose of freeing ourselves from the bondage of servitude for mere gold; and when we consider our material advancement under the stress of opposition

from ignorance and devastation from disease and war, it would now seem a much less severe and arduous task to develop the thoroughly physically, mentally and morally balanced man, who could emancipate us from selfishness and greed, which so greatly retards our mental and moral progress and keeps from us that higher order or nature which would develop us from frail and cunning masses into an individual and collective, wise, just and powerful representative of a glorious destiny that awaits our advancing.

CHARACTERS.

JACK RALEIGH, *Multi-Millionaire — President Allied Companies.*

HARRY DODGE, *self-made man.*

HERBERT JANEWAY, *formerly a wealthy merchant and manufacturer.*

MRS. JANEWAY, *his wife.*

KATHERINE JANEWAY, *their adopted daughter.*

UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL, *philosopher, wit and philanthropist.*

CURATE ROLLINS, *English clergyman.*

JUDGE MARKS, *Associate Judge Supreme Court.*

HARRY BROWN, *of Brown, Marshall & Company.*

SECRETARY WILLIAMS, *Secretary Allied Companies.*

SECRETARY SHORT, *First Assistant Secretary Allied Companies.*

YOUNG MORTON,
YOUNG WHITEHOUSE,
YOUNG CHASE,
YOUNG ROCKWELL, } *Wall Street men.*

MRS. WESTERBURY, *society leader.*

MRS. FLETCHER, *her friend.*

MRS. BARBOUR, *young, handsome, ambitious.*

NINA, *French maid.*

Society people, ball guests, bankers and brokers, men of affairs, Sunday school children, clerks, stenographers, and others.

THE SCENES.

ACT I, SCENE I—*Library in Herbert Janeway's Long Island home.*

SCENE II—*Lawns in front of Herbert Janeway's Long Island home.*

ACT II—*Reception room, Herbert Janeway's Fifth Avenue mansion, New York.*

ACT III, SCENE I—*President's office, Allied Companies, lower Broadway, New York.*

SCENE II—*Office Brown, Marshall & Company, Wall street, New York.*

ACT IV—*Large and commodious parlor in Herbert Janeway's Long Island home.*

THREE YEARS

ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED

BETWEEN ACTS I. AND II.

THREE MONTHS

BETWEEN ACTS II. AND III.

— AND —

NINE MONTHS

BETWEEN ACTS III. AND IV.

ACT I.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(HERBERT JANEWAY, *a manufacturer of wire nails, with many mercantile and manufacturing interests in Pennsylvania in the early prominent days of the steel industry. He later enters New York's strenuous life and speculative atmosphere and becomes financially embarrassed. Reduced, he goes to his Long Island surroundings and contents himself in the relinquishing of all further interests in active business to live quietly under the gentle, retiring influences of his wife.*)

(HARRY DODGE, *naturally a gentleman, has a fire in his constitution to arouse those about him when stirred, is honorable to a degree, and very faithful to all the principles that direct his actions. He is manly in appearance, and his physique and general bearing commands respect from those who know him slightly, and love from those who know him well.*)

(*Library in* HERBERT JANEWAY'S *Long Island home, early afternoon.*)

(*Enter* HERBERT JANEWAY *and* HARRY DODGE.)

DODGE. Yes, sir. I confess I am proud of my invention.

JANEWAY. DODGE, your life seems to me like a dream. You have risen from a grocer's clerk, office boy, apothecary's assistant, and student of chemistry to that individual position of the inventor. And your invention will surely bring you millions in money and world-wide fame. It all seems to me like fiction. What would your good mother and father think were they alive and should learn these facts?

DODGE (*after silence*). If this was so my happiness would be supreme. That is the one thing that would mar my happiness that could otherwise be unbounded.

JANEWAY. You know I have little money left, but I have friends in the financial world. DODGE, take my word for it, if it is within the range of my power I will furnish the capital required to market your invention.

DODGE (*shakes hands with him*). Thank you, sir, very much. How fortunate I am to have met such a true and genuine friend as you are.

JANEWAY. I consider our meeting a most happy one, and I cherish our friendship as one of the best of all I can claim. When will you return to New York?

DODGE. At once.

JANEWAY. Stay here with me for a while. I want you to meet my daughter, who has just re-

turned home after her graduating exercises at the convent. I want you to meet her.

DODGE. I must return to the city at once for many and good reasons.

JANEWAY. Then in that case I will go with you. (*Rises from chair, leaves the room, returns with* KATHERINE JANEWAY.)

JANEWAY. MR. DODGE, allow me to introduce you to my daughter, KATHERINE, a favorite, of course, since she is my only one. (DODGE *bows,* KATHERINE *extends her hand.*)

KATHERINE. MR. DODGE, I am most delighted to meet you and to know you as one of father's old friends. He has told us all so much of you and your achievements. How lovely it must be to be an inventor! and work out original plans and accomplish something yourself without the aid of others. How lovely!

DODGE. MISS JANEWAY, all that I have done or accomplished has been done alone, and I have learned to live and work quite comfortably alone. Alone in the world.

KATHERINE. To work alone appeals to me as pleasant, but to live alone seems to me horrible. Is this your experience?

DODGE. Yes, to a certain extent it is, but my work keeps me so busy that I do not have time to consider the other at all hardly, but when I do I think it rather a hard life, to live alone in this great and beautiful world.

JANEWAY (*looking at watch*). MR. DODGE, it is now time for us to leave for the station, to go on the afternoon train.

KATHERINE (*shakes hands with* DODGE *and kisses her father again and again*). Good luck to you, and may the Goddess of Fortune bless you both on your every turn.

(MRS. JANEWAY *enters, shakes hands with* DODGE *and kisses* MR. JANEWAY *good-bye as they leave.*)

MRS. JANEWAY. A very deserving young man.

KATHERINE. Yes; he seems so. Do you think much of his invention, the match that will only light when its head is in contact with the human breath, and never ignites from friction on any surface such as wood, metal, or stone? A real innovation! Father says he has found some chemical affinity for the human breath by the mixing of sulphur and alum and some other secret components and placed it in the head of his match, and father thinks that great things will come of it.

MRS. JANEWAY. Well, the good boy deserves all he can gain. He is of a Southern family of fine record and good blood, but like many Southerners, during the Civil War they were so reduced financially that they never gained their position again. The young man practically supported his mother and father up to the time of

their death from his own efforts, and gained such education as he has through his own endeavors and without the aid of anyone.

KATHERINE. A most deserving young man, but of course, I suppose, narrow, as all men must be without an education. Where did father first meet him?

MRS. JANEWAY. In a drug store, where he was employed when we first arrived in New York. The acquaintance was by accident, but it seems their regard for each other has grown ever since.

KATHERINE. May they have good luck, for both are most deserving men and sterling aspirants. (*The clock strikes at 2.30 p. m.*)

KATHERINE. It is now time for us to prepare to leave for the station, to meet the curate and the children. They are to arrive at three o'clock.

MRS. JANEWAY. Yes, my dear. Will you be ready soon?

KATHERINE. Yes, mother; I shall be ready within a few moments. Mother, is the good curate the same as of old, or has he changed since I last met him?

MRS. JANEWAY. My child, he is the same estimable man, a preacher of staunch qualities, and a Christian without a fault, I believe, unless it be a fault for a Christian to be without a wife, for he is not yet a benedict.

KATHERINE. He was always so good and kind. Of whole soul and heart and earnest in his office, and with it all so plain and unsophisticated.

MRS. JANEWAY. Yes; he is a quiet, calm and cultivated gentleman. Simple life, with all the happiness that is derived from it, is his motto. He never expects too much from his flock, but is uncompromising in his belief and faith in Him our Father, the Maker of heaven and earth and the Director of mortals, who knows so little of His great works and motives, and above all things the curate claims that men should be loyal to their duties as they are taught in the creeds that have been handed down to them from generation to generation, and that they should trust in Him for guidance in all things and pray for direction from Him and His infallible wisdom.

KATHERINE. He is so good and faithful, and I shall be so glad to see him again. And now, mother, if agreeable to you, we will prepare ourselves and leave for the station at once.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

(HERBERT JANEWAY'S *Long Island home, a commodious building of Colonial architecture, with wide porches, supported by heavy columns on three sides of the house and surrounded by beautiful lawns and a grove of fine old trees. To the right is rolling land and hedge fences of neighboring estates. From the front can be seen the Sound and the shores of Connecticut and Rhode Island. To the left, and not far away, is the railroad station. The front lawn joins a lane connecting many fashionable homes of New York society people, known as a colony of the "400."*)

(NINA, KATHERINE JANEWAY'S *maid, is arranging ribbon streamers about a May-pole preparatory to the arrival of* KATHERINE, CURATE ROLLINS, MRS. JANEWAY *and the children for a dance.* NINA *sings seriously for a time, then says:*) How this all reminds me of my home in France! (*Pause.*) Ah, how one can dream of something far away, waiting and watching for a time as I did when thinking of coming to this great and busy country! (*Reflects.*) But now

I think it would have been better had I remained at home and had lived for dear old father and mother and the boys. (*Sighs.*) However, everything could be much worse. I might have been thrown among more unworthy and unkind people. (*Cheerily.*) Perhaps I should be more grateful, for I might have gotten in the home of some cold and heartless family like some of whom I have heard. (*Reflects.*) Ah, no; no such trouble is mine, for my dear mistress, MISS KATHERINE, is a sweet child, of warm heart and the soul of goodness. She shall always prosper and be happy, for it is due her, and our Father would never allow anything that would prove harmful or cruel to befall such a good descendant of His heavenly home. She is incarnate with Him and His holy works, representing Him with such sweetness, tenderness and loveliness as only she seems to possess, and such as can only be rewarded with kindness. Yes, she is safe, of that I am sure, and may she always continue to be so. This is my humble prayer at this moment and forever more.

(*Now voices of children are heard as they approach in song of the church.* NINA *moves energetically about as she arranges everything. She then looks off into the distance and sees a little crowd of church people advancing.*

(KATHERINE JANEWAY *enters with the girls. All the children have flowers, while* KATHERINE *carries a great variety. She at once begins a vivacious activity for the comfort and pleasure of all. After dividing some of her flowers with the girls, she places upon each boy a buttonhole blossom, and expresses a kind and loving word to each. As she fastens the flower upon the last boy in the line,* MRS. JANEWAY, *accompanied by* CURATE ROLLINS, *enters.* MRS. JANEWAY *seems happy.* CURATE ROLLINS, *moved by the kindly welcome given the children, with warmth and power befitting an educated and refined man, and in the eloquence of a polished preacher, says:*)

The little ones will surely have a lovely time, and this occasion will be one of indelible pleasure in their little hearts and minds.

(*He views the May-pole, speaks of its beauty, as well as the other arrangements, provided for their entertainment, and admires all.*)

CURATE ROLLINS. Everything is beautifully arranged, and I feel that the children will repay their friend and teacher for all the trouble she has taken for their welfare and entertainment.

KATHERINE. Ah, DR. ROLLINS, please do not say too much in this respect. I am afraid the

children might really feel indebted to me, and this is not the case. I would not for the world have them think that they are indebted to me for anything, but on the contrary, I am indebted to the dear little ones for coming—for it fills me with joy and love to see their fair faces and have them at my home as my guests.

(*The children are engaged among themselves, and apparently do not hear what is said.* MRS. JANEWAY, *assisted by* NINA, *is visiting each one separately to ascertain if anything is desired or can be done for them.*

(CURATE ROLLINS *walks over to where* KATHERINE *stands. He looks fondly upon her fine face and brow, with all their sweet outlines abounding in youth, while a depth of kindness and wisdom glows from her wondrous eyes, and says:*)

You are too kind. You, I am sure, are one of God's trusted creatures upon this earth, doing always some noble and worthy act for all those who come in your direction and never, never allowing a word of thanks to be offered in return for all you do for the benefit of others. May Heavenly wisdom lead you on and on in this world, and, I trust, compensate you in some holy manner in time to come.

KATHERINE. Oh, DR. ROLLINS, you are very kind, but really, I do nothing for which anyone

is indebted to me. It is my most cherished hope that some day I may be able to do some good for someone or for others in this world. This is my daily prayer, my most cherished desire and my one wish above all others, and my abiding faith is that some time I may be able to lend a helping hand to those who may be in need.

(*A moment of silence, then* KATHERINE *seems to awaken to her surroundings, and hurriedly says:*)

The children, the children!

(*Now music is heard, she hurries to her charges, arranges them all fondly about the May-pole. The next instant a feast of childish song and dance ensues.* KATHERINE *becomes imbued with the loveliness of the scene, the mirth of the children and the music, and cannot keep her feet still. She enters into the dance, while* MRS. JANEWAY *laughs at her sprightliness and says:*)

She is nothing more than a child herself.

(CURATE ROLLINS *goes up on the porch with* MRS. JANEWAY. *They make some suggestions as the time goes on, which are carried out by* KATHERINE *in her entertainment.*

(*Games and dancing continue with alertness and persistency, while* MRS. JANEWAY *and*

CURATE ROLLINS *enjoy the scene, comfortably seated in large chairs, and* NINA *stands close to hand in case her services are needed.*

(*The weather is beautiful and calm.* KATHERINE *looks lovely, her cheeks are pink, and her vivaciousness overshadows the usual calmness of her character, which at times seems grave.*

(*The scene is one to be remembered; fancy costumes are worn by the little men and women, and they apparently enjoy the spirit of the occasion in the crisp air that is gently blown from the Sound over their heads as they dance and sing to the music and execute movements that are so highly entertaining to all lovers of a May-pole dance. All is life and apparent happiness, and* CURATE ROLLINS *seems delightfully entertained.*

(*After much time is spent in the very exhilarating exercises upon the lawn,* MRS. JANEWAY *and* CURATE ROLLINS, *with* NINA'S *aid, led the children away to some other part of the grounds suitable for observing the setting sun and for other changes of scene, while* KATHERINE *remains behind to gather up handkerchiefs, flowers and other trinkets dropped during the dance.*

(*It is now past five o'clock and the sun has begun to descend behind the hills.* CURATE ROLLINS, *who is ever attentive and even solicitous of* KATHERINE'S *welfare whenever an opportunity presents itself, sends* NINA *back to request her to come and join the party, which is now some distance from the house.* KATHERINE *promises to do so, but soon, however, seems so fatigued either from the exercise of the afternoon or from mental depression, that she leans quietly upon a rustic seat for momentary support. While in this position but a few moments, she gives way to feelings that had evidently been stored within her bosom for months, or even years. She looks out into the road and then, with emotion, let loose the bounds of her restraint, saying:*)

Oh, I am so lonely and weary
That it make the world seem very dreary;
But surely the one intended will yet come,
And then life's work will be begun.

So I will content myself at least for a time,
And try to feast upon these dreams of mine;
And the one who could blight this strife,
And swell my life, my heart, and love to some
great height.

Oh, what happiness I will have some day,
To love, to cherish and to obey;
What else in life could be so sweet
As living at the command of the one you'll meet?

(*Pause.*)

Hark! hark! what is this I hear?
A firm, even and manly footstep not far from here.
Gracious me! It makes me quiver; can it be he
Of whom I have dreamt and wept and prayed to see?

My, my, I feel so agitated—what can it be?
Is it a premonition of evil or of good?

(JACK RALEIGH *walks across lawn at a distance.*)

Oh, what a human form to behold!
Stately, handsome and bold,
Yet gentle, I am sure—
The dream of my life once more.

Oh, fate! What shall I do? Ah—I see;
'Tis provided for by circumstances;
Some good saint has favored me, for this is Leap Year.

Now for action. I must not wait for slow processes of yore. Our good Director has given me this one more chance, and I have no time to procrastinate. I shall relate to him and see what he says. I shall propose, as it is my privilege at this time, and if Providence, with the aid of Leap year, shall set my dreams at rest and place in each happiness instead. Ah! what bliss. What bliss! (*Takes up trinkets and hurries into the house.*)

(RALEIGH *enters. He is attired in the Meadow Brook Hunt Club riding clothes, white breeches, high boots and hat, all of which are well fitted to his form, and every line of his closely knitted figure is well brought out by the good effects of the tailor. He nurses his left wrist in his right hand; seems agitated. Stands close to the center of the scene and says in serious tones:*)

Ah, that was a narrow escape, for which I should thank God (*and then hurriedly, as if correcting himself:*)

Or that something which is instrumental in shaping our lives and fortunes in this world, for saving my life. (KATHERINE *disconcertedly emerges from the house.*)

RALEIGH. I beg your pardon. I trust you will forgive the intrusion. Will you give me a glass of water?

KATHERINE. Certainly, certainly. I will bring some water at once.

RALEIGH. You are very kind. (KATHERINE *goes into the house.*)

RALEIGH (*alone*). What a lovely girl! and apparently so agitated. What can it mean? I shall find out if possible. I may be able to render her service. (KATHERINE *returns with a jug of water and glasses.* RALEIGH *drinks and seems refreshed.* KATHERINE *seems awkward and ill at ease.*)

RALEIGH. I have just passed through a rather exciting experience. While at high speed my good hunter stepped into a hole that was covered over with brushwood, and it brought us both heavily to the ground.

KATHERINE. How terrible! How terrible! Were you much injured?

RALEIGH. Thank you, no. Only a little shaken, and this arm seems swollen, and I suffer some pain there about the wrist. I suppose I landed on my right hand and broke the force of the impact.

KATHERINE. What a narrow escape!

RALEIGH. I shall never forget my sensation. Our speed was so great that when I left the saddle I flew through the air like a bird for at least twenty feet before landing. And when I turned to look after my horse I saw that he had turned a complete somersault and his hind legs were in

close proximity with my body. I gained my feet at once, caught the animal as he rose, and now we are here, imposing upon your kind hospitality.

KATHERINE. How fortunate you are in your misfortunes.

RALEIGH. How?

KATHERINE. Such accidents could turn into great disasters.

RALEIGH. Ah, yes—yes. That is true, and I am grateful for your kind sympathy. But as matters stand now I think the worst of all is that we have lost the trail of the hounds and my fellow-riders by the delay.

KATHERINE. Cannot something be done for your injured wrist?

RALEIGH. It is rather painful. But I shall wait until I return to the club house before bathing it.

KATHERINE. You should not wait so long. I will get a bowl and some more water at once. (*Starts for the house.*)

RALEIGH. Oh, thank you, I could not think of troubling you to such an extent. (RALEIGH *alone.*)

RALEIGH. I have never seen so beautiful and charming a creature before, and one who comes so near my ideal of pure womanhood. (KATHERINE *returns with a quantity of bandages, absorbent cotton and a bowl, and says:*)

KATHERINE. You can now bathe the injured

part, and I shall dress it for you. You should not allow the inflammation to develop to such an extent as it would by waiting so long for attention.

RALEIGH (*surprised*). Thank you, thank you. How good and kind you are. But—but—— (KATHERINE *confused.*)

KATHERINE. How stupid! I have forgotten the lotion. I will fetch it at once.

RALEIGH. Thank you, but I am sure I shall not need it. (KATHERINE *in the house.*)

RALEIGH. How shall I ever repay her? Heavens, I believe I am in love again. I am puzzled. What shall I do? I'll propose. I'll propose. (KATHERINE *comes out of the house.*)

RALEIGH (*continues*). I'll propose. I'll propose. (KATHERINE *draws near him. He says:*)

I was just saying, I propose—I propose finding my party before returning home to-night. (KATHERINE, *with towel, dries the injured part gently, soaks a cloth with liniment, wraps it about the wrist and then dresses it with the bandage cloth and says:*)

KATHERINE. I am sorry father and mother are not at home, for they might do something more for you. Won't you have a seat on the porch while I go for mother and our little party?

RALEIGH. Oh, no, no; thank you very much, but I am sure nothing more could possibly be done than you have already so kindly done for

me. (RALEIGH *moves off a few steps. Thinks, looks at* KATHERINE, *says:*)

You have been very kind, and I am most grateful for all you have done, and now—as one good turn deserves another—I trust you will forgive me for taking the liberty of asking if there is not something I could possibly do to return my obligation? I am most desirous of being of service, and you seem so anxious.

KATHERINE (*confused, then laughs*). Oh, there is nothing in reality. There is nothing, I assure you. I was only thinking of life to-day and the lonely part of it that we have to endure at times, and now it all seems such a coincident, for this is Leap year—

RALEIGH (*surprised and disconcerted*). Oh, yes. Yes, yes—of course. Of course this is Leap year. But what has this to do with this show of consternation?

KATHERINE (*more composedly, in a very decided and bewitching manner*). Well—well—to be exact and plain, and since you ask me, I will tell you. I had just resolved, before you arrived, to pour out my feelings to and ask some good man to be my guiding star and protector forevermore.

RALEIGH (*starting, steps aside and exclaims:*) Well, well—I have been in much speculation. I have had many narrow escapes, been in close range many times with my adversaries, have fol-

lowed the hounds through almost impassable ways with imminent danger on all sides, and have had to have courage in this world to save myself from destruction; but I'll be blessed if this isn't the hardest of all situations or conditions I have yet had to solve. (*Thinks a moment, advances toward* KATHERINE, *looks upon her wealth of brown hair earnestly, while* KATHERINE *looks defiant but mingles with it some encouragement.*) Can it be true that this is no ruse or jest, and do you really mean, measure and weigh all that you say?

KATHERINE (*roguishly*). I always mean what I say. (*Then retorted reproachfully:*) How could a lady do otherwise?

RALEIGH (*aside*). Strange, strange—I must confess, but now I stand face to face with a proposition for being gallant, and I could never be accused of such a breach of manly conduct as it would warrant should I decline the challenge. (*Moves toward* KATHERINE. KATHERINE *looks toward the ground.* RALEIGH *kneels before her, looks up into her face and says fervently:*)

Noble one, with spirit of a saint,
For what else could a woman be
Who has thus so highly honored me?
Just such a fair one as you
I have lived and longed to meet,
And I therefore place myself at your feet.

I have loved the plain and unpretentious more
and more,
And now this stirs me to the core,
To find such a fair woman so honest and so bold.

(*A moment's silence.*)

May I kiss your hand once, in reverence of my esteem? (*Takes hand and attempts to press it to his lips.*)

KATHERINE (*withdraws it somewhat angrily.*) You have no right thus to do.

RALEIGH (*rises, moves aside again, thinks, then says:*) With all my heart I will honor thee; with all my power I will reverence thee. Your courage and your features will always be treasured in my memory and imprinted upon my heart. (*The prattle of the children is heard as they return.*) But alas, alas—it cannot be, for I am betrothed to another. (*At this moment a blast of the horn of the hunt club is heard.*)

RALEIGH (*cries:*) The hounds! The hounds! They return this way. (*He starts to hurry off, gaining some distance; he turns, looks toward* KATHERINE *and reverently says:*) I owe you a lifelong debt, and may it yet be in my power at least to make a partial payment in some form (*and as he hurries off, adds:*) Farewell—farewell, kind one, farewell. (*As he passes from the scene the children enter again.* KATHERINE *excitedly but lovingly cares for them and asks if*

they will have food or drink, as CURATE ROLLINS, MRS. JANEWAY *and* NINA *come upon the scene. Strange shrieks of a woman's voice are heard. A few moments later a man dressed in hunting costume hurriedly enters, asks for water, saying that a lady has been thrown from her horse, and fears she is badly injured. A moment later* KATHERINE *and* CURATE ROLLINS *leave for the scene of accident. In a short time* KATHERINE *returns, and excitedly tells her mother of the calamity and the probable death of a lady rider, and almost faints as* NINA *leads the children into the house.*)

ACT II.

ACT II.

(*Three years later. The* JANEWAY *household, now in New York, is once more greatly replenished by* MR. JANEWAY'S *association with* HARRY DODGE *in his new match venture, which is so successful that it has made all those interested in the match production most prosperous and sanguine in their anticipations.* MRS. JANEWAY, *always devout, religious, and careful of her associations, is now passed away, and upon* KATHERINE *is devolved the household cares and the care of* MR. JANEWAY. KATHERINE *is endowed with a most pleasing and captivating personality, and what nature could not do for her in polish and culture a renowned body of teachers have bestowed upon her; she, however, is one who no one can foretell what her real and natural character will develop, for she is like a beautiful stray bud of some rare plant, but not knowing the nature of the plant, it is impossible to tell which way the beauty of its offspring will turn, or whether darker and somber tendencies will outweigh the lighter and more pleasing shades.* KATHERINE *at times is serious and sober, and*

at others most charmingly vivacious and brilliant, and after a very careful and watchful training by her adopted mother, and spending several years of her life in a convent, we find her now about twenty-four years of age, with lovely form and features bright, radiant, and a great favorite in a fast and fashionable society in the great metropolis. She proves herself a delightful hostess for her aged father, and is surrounded with every luxury. There are receptions, opera parties, dinners and balls often during this winter through the JANEWAYS' *hospitality, due to a lenient and indulgent old father's pleasure in serving his fascinating adopted daughter. One night during the middle of December the* JANEWAY *mansion on Fifth Avenue is thrown open to a cultivated collection of people who represent that class of society that is famous in New York for wealth and fashion. The time, labor and services of those known in the arts of decoration and for making a feast of the kind conspicuous and successful are employed, including a celebrated French caterer, to prepare the delicacies and the beverages for the table, and a noted decorator to carry out the picturesque program. The feature of the night is to be the rendering of a classic song by* KATHERINE JANEWAY, *after which many*

noted professionals will follow; then supper, and finally dancing, is the well worked out plan of the entertainment. The JANEWAYS *are at the height of their anticipation in life. The old father is happy because he is once more a man of means, after having suffered reverses, and can again indulge the child of his adoption with all she cares to have, and dream and anticipate her happiness with her, all of which crowns his joys to the unbounded, while she glitters in jewels and is radiantly happy as she realizes the dreams of her younger days, that of living in the great city of New York, mingling with many fashionable personages, and surrounded by all the latest fads that can be afforded.*)

(*Reception room, situated next to the ball room in* HERBERT JANEWAY'S *Fifth Avenue mansion, in New York. Soon after dinner* HARRY DODGE *meets* MR. JANEWAY, *to talk over private business matters before the guests begin to arrive.*)

DODGE. Yes, sir; things are moving gloriously in our favor. We had to-day from the Consolidated Match Company, which is a contributory of the American Gas Company of New York, which in turn is controlled or owned by the National Oil Company of America, with all its subsidiaries, a most flattering offer for our

franchise and process and a major portion of our stock; they now offer us par for the stock, which you know, sir, they refused to accept three years ago at five dollars a share. (DODGE *remarkably pleased as* MR. JANEWAY *looks upon him beamingly.*)

MR. JANEWAY. My boy, you have made a wonderful record, which reached a climax to-day, and places you in an enviable position. To have such old heads, with long experience in finance and business, to come to you with such a flattering proposition is certainly a position of which any young man should be proud. (*Pause for a moment.*) But I, in my humble opinion, would advise you not to acquiesce; not because they will not be able to carry out any part of any agreement in which they may enter, but they will only subject you to humiliation at some future time, as they humiliated me after I had agreed to sell out my nail business to that great combination that is now affiliated with the National Oil Company of America. They do not want your business for any purpose but to dethrone it, and you with it, so that you and your business cannot disturb their progress or production by competition, and now I would say, hold on to your own, strive as you have; you have the grit; you have shown it; you are young and strong, and you will only have to continue in the future as you have done in the past to land in

some position that is far above your dreams today of a most flattering success and business career. I say this after my experience with just such a combination of men, or devils, as time will show, that are now trying to weave you into their net of destruction. While you are young and innocent of their dreadful deeds and the inhuman actions they resort to when wishing to carry out some of their selfish purposes or greedy desires, my boy, I would say, hold on to what you have, steer your course alone, and what you derive from your own endeavors will be gained honorably, at least; and while it may not be so productive in a monetary way, I am sure you will be happier, even though your plans may give you more trouble and less material wealth than you would accumulate by resorting to questionable and unseeming actions which promote such a large corporation as you speak of now.

DODGE (*approaches* MR. JANEWAY, *extends his hand in a manly manner:*) You said the other day you did not know how to acknowledge and thank me for services I had rendered you. If you are at all indebted to me, sir, you have more than repaid that indebtedness a thousand fold by your frank and fatherly advice—(*and as if wishing to say something more that is nearer to his heart, he breathlessly and with much excitement, falters:*) MR. JANEWAY, KATHERINE —MR. JANEWAY, KATHERINE——"

(*A sweet voice calling "Father, father," is heard from some one near at hand and approaching. A moment later, as* DODGE *exits,* KATHERINE JANEWAY *is at the feet of her adopted father, imploring him to be good and gracious on this evening which would prove to be the climaxing period of her childish life. Then she says:*)

You know I am now no longer a butterfly, as of the years gone by. I feel as the time goes on that there are more responsibilities in life than I had ever dreamed of. Just think of the great and awful powers that are bestowed upon one single human being at certain times of life. It seems that one becomes a real representative of our Father above to command one, two, or more of his creatures upon this earth.

(MR. JANEWAY *looks up in surprise at this outburst of seriousness on the part of his adopted daughter, and inquires of her more minutely as to her meaning, and finally elicits from her her real meaning as she says:*)

I believe men are not men at all, but only children at play, for I am quite sure I hold the destiny already of several within the palm of my hand, or could command them with a wave of my wand, as was done by witches of yore.

MR. JANEWAY. You must not be so sure of

your great powers over the fickle man—but I know it, I know it only too well. I can see that your movements are felt in every direction when you are in company with my sex, and that your attractive powers are envied and talked of by your own sex.

(*After a pause father and daughter get upon their feet, and as the father lovingly caresses his yet frivolous child, in whom he has just noted the first dawn of the real seriousness of life, says, as the daughter bows her head low:*)

May your new life be blessed with all that is due to a faithful and loving child.

(*The daughter kisses the father a loving good-bye and leaves the room to dress for the grand occasion of the night.*)

(MR. JANEWAY, *alone and already attired in evening dress, soliloquizes:*)

What is the use of trying to understand it all? The world is governed by higher authority than is upon this globe, and right is might, and is bound to rule in the end. They by pretence have robbed and humiliated me by getting control of my business, solely for the purpose of closing up my plant, so that I could no longer disturb them in carrying out their dastardly deeds of organization and sole control of the wire nail business. (*Pause.*) After shutting up my factory

they made me a member of the Directorate, and then dictated terms to me that were so overbearing and obscene that it drove me out from the sheer force of their iniquities, they calculating at the time that I would be so disabled from age and physical weakness that I would no longer be able to antagonize them. They were correct in their conclusions until the present stage of the struggle, but now satisfaction seems to come to me in the end by God's guidance, that young soul DODGE has placed me once more in position where I will dictate to them. Yes, to them, with all their showy wealth in store, fraudulently and stealthily obtained by shameful actions and selfish deeds. Ha, ha, ha! the victory is not yet won, and we have our ammunition and stores of war at hand, and with all the generalship from my great experience, and with all the fire and power that is left in this old and decaying body, I will fight them on and on to the end—yes, fight them hard and to the end; yes, even to the end.

(*As these last words are dying from the lips of the old gentleman, music, the first of the evening, is heard emitting softly from the ball-room.* NINA *appears before* MR. JANEWAY, *who seems utterly oblivious of all his surroundings.*)

NINA. Sir, MISS JANEWAY requests your presence in her boudoir; she wishes you to see her and to know if you approve of her attire.

(*As* MR. JANEWAY *and* NINA *leave the room* HARRY DODGE *and* HARRY BROWN *enter, appearing in great glee, and in animated conversation about the coup of the day in Wall street.*)

BROWN. Yes, we have pressed them hard, our product is growing more popular every day with the public, our match is fast taking the place of all others in use, and that, you know, is something they cannot withstand. Our foreign trade is growing enormous, and we shall soon have to have additional plants. The Trust Alliance knows we shall have them in our power sooner or later, since our match has so many good qualities over anything they can manufacture, and, to their chagrin, we are protected by the laws of patents. They realize that they cannot make anything which will come within the range of our process. They know we have the advantage of a cheap article, as well as a good one. We have them cornered, and I predict before long they will offer us two hundred dollars a share instead of the one hundred dollars offered to-day for a major portion of our stock.

(*The men laugh gleefully at the predicament the Consolidated Match Company has placed about themselves and their loss of the monopoly of the match business, even though they are backed or owned by the great Oil Trust of America.*)

DODGE. BROWN, you speak well, and matters really look favorable for us, but do you not know that sometimes I fairly shiver to the soles of my feet when I think of the gigantic organizations we are fighting and the way they fight. They resort to any means, at times, to carry their point when they are hard pressed. Think of the influence and affluence at the hands of this giant of finance. They are capable and cool-headed business men of long experience, their lawyers are the best legal talent obtainable, they are well fortified politically, which means much when in a fight such as we will have to wage, and if I may say so, politics and finance, nowadays, have much influence over the judiciary.

(*He places his hand on the shoulder of his friend and co-operator, and says seriously:*)

Old man, we have no easy task before us, but we are in the struggle at least to stand fast.

BROWN. I am, to the end.

DODGE. And I, with heart and soul, even to eternity.

(*A strange and weird strain is heard. It is the beginning of the long-looked for moment by* KATHERINE JANEWAY. *It is the prelude of her song that is to make her famous or otherwise.*)

(BROWN *attempts to show his comradeship with* DODGE *by shaking his hand, but*

DODGE *seems breathless and colorless with emotion. He creeps into a place of advantage and says:*)

Will you remain with me, BROWN? I cannot brave it, I can go no closer, I shall go no nearer (*and as he tries to control himself, his color seems like one in death.*)

(BROWN *stands close to him and grasps his hand, as he looks as though he will fall. The next second a deep and magic note sounds upon the hushed and deeply silenced atmosphere. There is a tremor, then a trill, and then a succession of weird notes like the sound of thunder, and then like the pattering of rain on the housetop; then several strokes of lightning. The music is strange and weird, and then at intervals it is both sentimental and emotional. The time and notes are most replete and perfect for exactness and strength, and brings forth an extreme variety of sound and contrast with exquisite vibration.*)

(DODGE *listens with intensity, so much so that he is almost marble-like in color, and now, after the first introduction and deafening applause resounds in his ears, his face flushes, and as the rare voice starts again upon its curious portrayal of nature, which is pathetic at times and*

strangely poetic and romantic at others, and in which intermingles a fervent prayer of a Shepherdess to Heaven for the safe delivery of her flock from the fury of the storm.)

(DODGE *again clutches the hand of his friend without uttering a word, and there remains until the last note of this very quaint and absorbing classic rendered by* KATHERINE JANEWAY, *amidst a profuse hand-clapping, is at an end. He then quietly says to* BROWN:)

I must go; I must go at once and congratulate her. Will you come?

(*The next moment the men leave the scene, evidently much relieved, but excitedly move towards the great assembly of people in the ball room, who are offering their congratulations to her who has made for herself, in the last few moments, so enviable a place in the hearts and minds of the exclusive set of the great metropolis.*)

(MR. JANEWAY *appears in the reception room, surrounded by a bevy of young matrons and maids and men of fashion, offering their congratulations to him for the achievement of his daughter.*)

MRS. WESTERBURY (*a leader of the "swell" set, says, in offering her hand*). You should be proud of your daughter. She is a prize, and one

any man should be proud of, either as a father or a husband.

MRS. FLETCHER. Allow me to congratulate you, my dear MR. JANEWAY. You have a lovely child in your care, and if I dare say so, from now on you will have more care than ever before; she will be sought after in many and various manners; but take care and see that she gets a man, and not an imitation or dummy, for a husband.

(*And many other such words of congratulations follow, with hand-shakings, until the old gentleman, overwhelmed on all sides, is carried off his feet and out of the reception room by many young maidens to the grill room. The music begins once more. Many couples leave the room for dancing, while* MRS. WESTERBURY *and* MRS. FLETCHER, *in company with several other ladies, stand gossiping about affairs affecting society.*)

MRS. WESTERBURY. And I hear she is already engaged to that uninteresting young man who is in business with her father. Such a pity for so beautiful and brilliant a girl to throw her life away thus, by giving it up to such a narrow-minded human being as he must be. Why, they say he is so jealous that he hates to have another soul look upon her fair face. How absurd, how ridiculous! Ha, ha, ha! Mary, think of the time he would have, if it should prove to be the

case. He would go about half mad, I dare say, with his star of grace and beauty, who would flirt with men of her equal, for I hear she is really very coquettish. She would make a beautiful partner for a man of the world, you know; such as my dear husband was when he was young. He fairly made me flirt with other women's husbands and young men, as you know, and this has been most entertaining and charming to me in life.

MRS. FLETCHER. Certainly you did, and you also took the gentleman into your confidence and borrowed a few hundreds or thousands, as the case might be, when you were in need of ready cash for keeping up your margins, or to pay off your indebtedness at cards, or to bet on your favorite horses.

MRS. WESTERBURY. Ah, Mary, dear, that has been the case so often that it is quite natural for me now to do so.

(MRS. BARBOUR, *a young matron with more polish and good looks than morals, approaches lightly, and banteringly says to* MRS. WESTERBURY:)

My leader and mistress of the social empire, pray tell me something of the new leader in the political world, that head who has ascended to the coveted throne without a wife.

MRS. WESTERBURY (*half seriously.*) Ah, dear me, another commoner, and I suppose we will be compelled to take him under our fold.

Uneducated, unrefined, and very coarse; knows nothing but the game of politics, but very rich and holds more power over New York City, including the Supreme Court judges, than any other person on earth.

MRS. BARBOUR. A good recommendation, I confess. Will you give me an introduction soon? I aspire to wealth and politics of the day in accordance with my ideas of living, and besides, you know we have had great trouble of late. Father has lost heavily in stocks, and my husband has been cut off from his allowance, and I do desire so much to meet such a good little lamb like Mr. O'Neil, of whom you speak, and who is so innocent of our life and the works of our set. I would like to cultivate his acquaintance. It would be intensely entertaining to watch him develop; must be highly interesting to first see him creep, then his first step, and finally, I suppose, like all the rest of his clan, his final and last fall backward into degradation, or to his original state or flock. Ha, ha! If not into the penitentiary, where so many of his kind abide. Oh, how I would love to meet this present lion from the jungles of this mighty city. You know that it would be jolly good fun, as well as very practical, at this particular time for me. Now, my dear MRS. WESTERBURY, do you not think you can arrange this little affair for me? I promise

to be good, and when I ascend to the throne of government (I believe they call it petticoat government, even to controlling the old and very grave judges (*sarcastically*) of our beautiful state), you may depend upon me at all times to be of service to you. Remember your husband sometimes has legal entanglements to straighten out about this great railroad system in the state.

MRS. WESTERBURY. Well, well, ROSE BARBOUR, I am surprised; but I suppose it is all due to the capriciousness of the times in which we live. History repeats itself, and we are only imitating our forefathers and mothers of years ago, when petticoat government ruled the destiny of monarchs and nations.

(*All*) Ha, ha, ha! Good, good!

MRS. BARBOUR (*to* MRS. WESTERBURY). Always willing and ready to respond to a good and witty or practical move, whether it be of prose or poetry. (*Then, addressing all:*)

Ladies, you see this genius who compels us all to follow and to be loyal and loveable to her, as our leader, and I now move that we give three cheers and a kiss to our fair, wise and brave empress.

(*Now there is approaching a crowd of people, gaily talking and claiming engagements, as* KATHERINE JANEWAY *enters, attired in a lovely gown and flushed with the excitement attending her successes.*

Many young men are surrounding her, one claiming a dance, another a few moments of conversation, and another begging to place his name on her list of dances, and lastly and most earnestly, both DODGE *and* RALEIGH *claim her respectively as their partner to supper.*)

(MRS. WESTERBURY *comes to* KATHERINE'S *rescue with her experience and trained tactics, which seem to make her word law, whether it concerns man or woman; and she tenderly strokes the poor girl's head and brow, who is now fairly overcome by the attentions and tribute paid her.*)

MRS. WESTERBURY. My child, you must be tired. Think of the strain that has been imposed upon you this evening. You must take a few minutes' rest and join me on the other side of the room for recreation, or a little gossip that is so requisite to womenkind. The gentlemen, I am sure, will allow this privilege, while they smoke or take a stroll to the grill room.

(*Good, good! shout several men.*) I have thought that that was necessary for the last half hour, responds RALEIGH, but you see, it takes a woman's wit and ready diplomacy to make such a suggestion without incurring the disfavor of any one.

(*Some of the men leave the room, yet* DODGE

remains, with two or three others, who are talking to some ladies.)

(MRS. WESTERBURY *leads* KATHERINE *to a seat near a corner in the room and begins to converse with her in a manner which seems more serious than restful, and finally, after the last man leaves,* MRS. WESTERBURY *exclaims:*)

What say you, Mary (*addressing* MRS. FLETCHER); Mary, what say you? I have commenced to give our honored star a little motherly advice; what say you to what I have said? I have told her that she is now upon the threshold of a great danger. Every man from the cellar to the garret is madly in love with her. I have told her to be careful and observing in her choice and that when her decree must fall, to allow it to fall firmly upon a man of the world and not a stick or a dummy. Take a man of the world with experience in the world, as the world is, and never a narrow, frail-minded one who will stick so close to her apron strings that it will be impossible for another man to look upon her fair face at all. We are a family of beings, requiring an intermingling of others to keep us well-balanced and broad. Why, my poor life would have been ground out of me long, long ago, had I been held down by some poor, miserable speck of humanity. Ah, Mary, you know the freedom

I have had, and how I have enjoyed it. Don't you think I have, dear?

MRS. FLETCHER. Why, of course I do.

MRS. WESTERBURY. And to think now of so beautiful and attractive a girl as our dear KATHERINE has proven herself to be, to think of tying herself to such a selfish and narrow an individual as he must be, and all for the mere sake of sentiment, or for what he has done in a material way for her father, seems ridiculous. Why, she herself will shine so brilliantly in the future that she will be able to command the wealth and wisdom of a monarch, with all his dependencies. Ha, ha, ha! No—no, my dear KATHERINE, it must never be so. You must have some one with good tact, manly and experienced in the world, and broad enough at least to allow another human being, either man or woman, to look upon your fair face.

(MR. JANEWAY, *with a crowd of young men following him, enters. Apparently some of them are under the influence of wine. They come upon the scene arm in arm. These frivolous young men seem in full enjoyment of the festivities.* MR. JANEWAY *cries out:*)

KATHERINE, KATHERINE, my dear, where are you? I wish to congratulate you, my dear; you have charmed me, as well as all the men present on this evening. If you could only hear the

praise that has been given you! I am proud of you. I am proud of you, and this is all I can say of you now (*and he kisses his adopted daughter fervently*).

(KATHERINE *leaves the room upon the arm of a young man who claims a dance with her. Many other young ladies, with their escorts, likewise leave as the music commences.*)

(*The remaining men and women begin to discuss the respective merits of the horses that are to appear in the races in the south during the following week, but soon they all finally leave* MR. JANEWAY *alone in his big chair, musing under the strain of things.*)

(KATHERINE *stealthily enters alone, and seeks her father's advice about a vital question, that of giving her heart and hand away in marriage. She says:*)

Father, father, do help me (*as she falls upon her knees by the side of her father*). What shall I do? Harry is fretting himself into a fury and insists upon having an answer at once.

MR. JANEWAY. What, at such a time as this? (*More thoughtfully*). Well, the poor boy has the fever like the rest, or he wouldn't be human if he hadn't. What have you told him, my dear?

KATHERINE. I have told him that he was foolish.

MR. JANEWAY. I concur with you in one respect—foolish about the time he speaks of it, but never about the girl involved.

KATHERINE. Will you go and see him and tell him that I appreciate all he has done, but that he should wait for a short time longer, and try to calm him, for he seems to be almost in a frenzy.

MR. JANEWAY. Certainly, my dear, certainly, I will seek him at once.

(*As* MR. JANEWAY *leaves the room,* RALEIGH *leaps from behind a window curtain into the room. He has overheard the conversation between* KATHERINE *and her father, and he claims her as his fiancee, earnestly and fervently as he says:*)

You asked me to marry you three years ago.

(*With beating heart, at first,* KATHERINE *seems frightened and, as he claims her hand, she recoils and says:*)

Oh, do forgive me, do forgive it all; how silly it appears now. You see, in reality it was only a woman's whim or a silly dream that I indulged in at the time. (*Pause. Then:*)

And besides (*playfully*), MR. RALEIGH, such terms or propositions would not be honored now; they are outlawed by time, and if negotiations for another deal are to be opened, then other precedence will have to be established and other form of procedure will have to take the place

of those that were prevalent at the time you speak of.

RALEIGH. Oh, KATHERINE, do not talk thus of my devotion to you; do not make light of my burning love for you. You know that I have waited and waited for this moment since that eventful hour of three years ago when Alice was brought helpless to your door and only lived a few moments afterward. She, of course, as you know, was the one I loved and to whom I was espoused, but when she was no longer, and after all honor had been paid her, you were next in my thoughts.

KATHERINE. Oh, then, I am only second choice after all.

RALEIGH. Do not trifle, this is no time or place for such proceedings. I adore you, you can command my existence, and give me such life as I have never yet known and you hold in your hand my destiny. It is at your command.

(*He seeks her hand again, she withdraws it and says:*)

MR. RALEIGH, truly, you have no right to assume such a liberty.

RALEIGH (*bewildered for a moment*). But think of the suffering you impose upon me. Remember, you are my sole redeemer and my sole director. Remember, no matter what your will may be, I am ready to abide by your command.

Tell me Yes or No at this moment, for it is all too horrible to bear another day, or even an hour.

KATHERINE. MR. RALEIGH (*seriously*) I cannot understand this outburst of emotion. I have never heard of such a devotion being in existence before, and I have seen you many times within three years. You must remember that an answer to such an appeal cannot be given at a moment's notice. You are honorable, you are judicious and wise, think for a moment, how could I say a word of encouragement to you without due reflection.

RALEIGH. But you know I love you, I love you intensely, more than any other human being could love another.

KATHERINE (*mischieveously*). Yes, but you have already refused me and my love once and I must be a little more careful next time when I offer it out too generously to the first one that comes along as I did three years ago.

MR. JANEWAY (*calls out*) KATHERINE, KATHERINE.

RALEIGH (*lamenting*). Do tell me something, do tell me that I can hope.

(*As* MR. JANEWAY *approaches,* RALEIGH *excitedly and anxiously awaiting.*)

KATHERINE. Oh, yes, yes, you can hope, we will see what time will do.

(MR. JANEWAY *enters, says aloud:*) DODGE, poor boy, is almost wild with fervent love, and

the excitement of the day and evening together with his business cares are weighing heavily upon him, but good, like he is always when I spoke to him, he calmed and said he saw his folly or the injustice he has done and will henceforth be more sensible.

(*While* KATHERINE *and her father are eagerly engaged in conversation,* RALEIGH *steps back in the rear and hears all that is said. He stands motionless and white, and as the last words are uttered, sighs deeply.*)

(MRS. WESTERBURY *enters hurriedly and seizes* RALEIGH *by the arm and says in low but audible tones.*)

"How did you make out? I have done all that I can do for you; paved the way the best I knew how, and now the rest will have to be left in your own hands and to the works of God."

(RALEIGH *moves convulsively at the word "God." It seems like mockery to him under the conditions he lives. He only motions to* MRS. WESTERBURY *to take his arm and he escorts her out of the room into the glare of the ball room, with all its entertaining elements of excitement.*)

(*After some silence* KATHERINE *says, seriously.*)

Harry is a good soul and a loveable boy, the best in the world. What would we have done

without him, we owe all to him, and it will be an unpayable debt, due to him, from us to Eternity.

MR. JANEWAY. Ah, tut, tut, my child, do not grow serious under such conditions as we have here to-night. It is for jollification and happiness and you should be happy, if there is such a thing as happiness in this world. You should be grateful to Heaven and to mortals for all that has been done for you and for placing you in such an enviable position as you have ascended to to-night.

KATHERINE. Ah, I am grateful, most grateful for it all, but somehow there is a coldness within me which surrounds my cheerfulness and is hard to throw off. How it came, or what it is, I cannot tell. Ah, it is there and deeply rooted. Now (*after some deep reflection she says, sadly:*) Oh, if mother was with us now, so that I could speak with her and hear once more words of comfort and encouragement and her final appeal to Heaven to deliver us from evil.

(*The old gentleman looks very sad as he hears the name of his good wife and* KATHERINE *speak of her thus.*)

(KATHERINE *looks tired, her face becomes white and meditative, and the father and daughter muse for a time.* KATHERINE *kisses her father and leaves for the ball room. There is wafted into the room a number of Wall Street men; approach-*

ing, they say they are looking for MR. JANEWAY *and* UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL, *the great wit and moralist of the Street, who has spent his life in the Street, has been broken or bankrupt half a dozen times, and is yet fairly well to do, is always cheerful and has an impediment in his speech. As the men draw near, they cry out:*)

UNCLE BILLY, where shall we find you. Oh, UNCLE BILLY, where shall we find you.

(*They speak to* MR. JANEWAY, *who is in a serious mood, and in his customary chair, looking far and deep into the unknown. Young* ROCKWELL *lightly and airily says:*)

Ah, MR. JANEWAY, you seem deeply concerned about something.

(*And then touching him lightly and gently upon his shoulder, says:*)

Does it pay, Sir, to enwrap one's self in the mysteries of life, after so long and well spent one as yours seems to have been?

(*Before* MR. JANEWAY *answers, young* MORTON *says:*)

MR. JANEWAY, can you tell us something about UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL, or where he has crouched himself? We have looked in every hole, corner and crevice, but of no avail.

(MR. JANEWAY *seems to arouse himself; says:*)

Ah, Boys, indeed I cannot tell you. Isn't he to be found, I dare say he is in some cosy corner with some prepossessing young maid or matron and cannot be parted. I am sure you will yet find him here.

WALL STREET MEN. Good, good, bravo, bravo!

YOUNG MORTON. We wish UNCLE BILLY to tell us his latest experience, or a story, you know, and give us a lesson in his well-earned and practical philosophy.

YOUNG WHITEHOUSE. Boys, I could tell you one story that was told to me the other evening at UNCLE BILLY'S expense.

Do—do—cry all in chorus.

WHITEHOUSE. It seems, during the last horse show, UNCLE BILLY was accompanied by some of his friends, who took a delight in showing him the fine thoroughbreds that were winners of the Blue Ribbon, all of which, or nearly all, were owned by members of the New York Stock Exchange. The old gentleman looked long and keenly at the horses, one after another, and admired them immensely, and then finally, after the long line had come to an end, he stood for a moment or two in deep contemplation and expectancy, and then said in his usual droll manner and stammering speech: "Now, B-boys, you have shown m-me all of the brokers' h-horses, n-now wh-where are the cus-customers' h-horses?

(*Ha, ha, ha, good, good, good, just like* UNCLE BILLY, *shouts someone, and much laughter is indulged in by all of the men, in which* MR. JANEWAY *heartily joins, and now* YOUNG CHASE *says:*)

I have heard another story at the expense of UNCLE BILLY. He went off to Washington one day during last winter for a few days' recreation and as some of his New York friends had opened a branch office in that city. He called in one day, and, as is usual in such offices, there were three large black-boards on the wall for the purpose of keeping records of prices and sales. After UNCLE BILLY had looked around the office and had been introduced to many Washingtonians, among whom were some Senators and many Representatives in Congress, and while UNCLE BILLY was looking at the boards for the price of some stock, and all the gentlemen stood about, he was asked by the proud resident manager of what he thought of the arrangements of the office. UNCLE BILLY stood silent for a moment or two, as if reflecting deeply and seriously, and then said: Well, gentlemen, all seems perfectly suited and convenient for the transaction of business, but, but, there is one thing I cannot help saying when I think of the ups and downs of Wall Street during my long experience. These boards here in front of me seem to express my feelings regarding three great

dominating elements of the Street, and I will tell you what they are. Then pointing his finger he said: This first board here seems to me to represent the institution that is known to us all as the poor house; the second board there appeals to me as an asylum for the insane; and the third board there appears to me like an undertaker's establishment. Now, gentlemen, do be careful, and when you enter either one of these three great institutions see that you select the one that will furnish you the least suffering or concern. And he quietly walked out of the office and back to his hotel.

(*Ha, ha, ha! they all shout, including* MR. JANEWAY. *At this moment* MR. MARSHALL *comes forth into the room. There is a shout of joy as he enters. He looks calm and serious and very innocent of all the transpirings. Two or three of the young men take his arm and lead him to the front as he stammers to* MR. JANEWAY.)

Herbert, I only called to thank you for your kind invitation. I have enjoyed myself immensely. I am going home now, so good-night (*and offers his hand*).

(*A perfect shout rings out: Oh, oh,* MR. MARSHALL, *tell us a story before you go.*)

(*Do, do, cry the young men.*)

(UNCLE BILLY *looks puzzled, but calm, good natured and gentlemanly, he now adds:*)

Herbert, give my love to your daughter, she is one to be proud of, and tell her so for me.

(*As* MR. JANEWAY *was about to walk to the door with* UNCLE BILLY, *young* ROCKWELL *says:*)

MR. MARSHALL, what do you think of the times? Is there any imminent danger of a panic as there is now so often spoken of?

(MR. MARSHALL *takes a prominent position in front of the scene, parts his feet a little, drops his head in unison with his stooping shoulders, looks thoughfully, and then says:*)

Well, boys, I do not know, I cannot discern things in such a manner.

(*And then with a twinkle in his eye and much humor, says:*)

I only wish I could, you know how valuable it would be in Wall Street to foretell events.

ROCKWELL. But do you not calculate on events before they arrive, MR. MARSHALL.

MARSHALL. No, no, I do not, for what would be the use? We would only puzzle our poor brains all the more and make nothing by it. We know nothing unless we are in the ring, to devise, and since I am not in the ring, I am only like a child depending upon a father. The unknown

will happen in due course of time. We mortals are too fallible to judge the course of events in this world which are sure to come from the infallible. Therefore, boys, I say do not worry yourselves over events unless you are in the ring, to temporarily control that which you wish done, but don't worry or think too much about events or panics. Be honest. Give your fellow being fair treatment and take care of yourselves. Leave events and panics to that which governs us all and you will live longer and have a happier life. Now good-bye, boys, and good luck to you.

(*And* MR. MARSHALL *busies himself with his life-long friend,* MR. JANEWAY, *and soon gains the door which leads through a corridor to the carriage entrance of the* JANEWAY *mansion.*)

(*At this stage* HARRY BROWN *enters the room hurriedly and says*:)

Gentlemen, will you not come in and join us at supper? The doors are open and we would like to have you and your partners in early, so that you will have plenty of time without being hurried.

(*The men start for their lady friends, who are in the ball room, waiting to be taken to supper. Soon the room is cleared.* HARRY BROWN *returns again in great excitement with* HARRY DODGE, *who seems almost wild with excitement,*

BROWN *tries hard to calm him, but it seems of little use.* DODGE *seems uncontrollable and appears to be in such a rage as he moves about the room that he is well nigh inhuman, and seems like a ferocious beast.* BROWN *pleads with him as to the time and place for such a scene, but of no avail; in appearance and in action* DODGE *seems more insane than sane. His rage is of such intensity that he is impervious to all entreaties, and finally he roars to* BROWN:)

If you are a friend of mine, you will do as I bid you in this matter. Go to him, go to that dog at once and command him to come to me here, here in this room and at once, and if he refuses, then shoot him—shoot him as you would a dog and send his worthless life out of this world without further parley over the matter. The man who has proven himself to be such a cur would be better out of existence, both for the good of mankind and himself. (*And now as he proceeds he is ashen-like in color. He quivers from head to foot with rage; he commands* BROWN, *at the penalty of the sacrifice of his friendship, to go at once and bring the culprit before him.*)

(BROWN *hesitates and wrings his hands in despair as he wonders how he can best avert the catastrophe of possibly one or*

more men's lives being taken at his friend's home, and the following excitement and sensation that would be sure to follow such a scandal.)

(*He turns once more to* DODGE *to plead, but is spurned with contempt in face and speech. The next moment he goes to meet the man who is the cause of* DODGE'S *agitation, and is in the ball room, preparing to go to supper. Within a moment or two* BROWN *appears again with* JACK RALEIGH, *who is sullen, cool and determined in appearance, but with evident suppressed excitement.* DODGE *and* RALEIGH *face each other in the center of the room.* BROWN *stands near* DODGE, *and one of* RALEIGH'S *friends stands close by him, who has just followed into the room.* DODGE *approaches* RALEIGH, *who is now cool and steady with drawn nerves, which make them intense and more quiet for the moment.*)

(*The men stand and gaze at each other for a time, and then* RALEIGH, *with cool manner and words, says:*)

I have come, in compliance with your friend's appeal, to meet you here. Do you wish to see me?

(DODGE'S *passion rises again at the first word and he hardly waits for the sen-*

tence uttered by RALEIGH *to be finished before he flies at him like a lioness would at one who was attacking her offspring, and says:*)

I wish to know if you are the author of the words I have heard and given to me at your credit?

(*And then, without waiting for a word in answer, he hurries on and repeats:*)

I understand that you have said to-night that my presence was a bore and an embarrassment to polite society. You say that I am ignorant and stupid, and step on ladies' gowns in the ball room, and that my grammar and speech is so gross that it grates upon a polished man's ears; and further, that I am so ignorant of all the requisites in polished society, due to my uncultivated condition, that my presence is a detriment to refined gatherings.

(*And then, without a word from* RALEIGH, *he flies at him and says:*)

Are you responsible for such utterances coming to me?

(*He waits a moment for* RALEIGH'S *reply.* RALEIGH *now white with excitement, but never otherwise showing a sign of disturbance, so well balanced is his control. He hesitates again, and then calmly says:*)

Do you not think this a rather unusual time for such demand as this?

DODGE. No, no—(*he fairly screams*)—No, no; no time or place is unsuitable for the denial or acknowledgment of such a fiendish or devilish outrage upon a human being. Answer, or I will squeeze the very existence out of your miserable life. (*Makes motion to grip* RALEIGH'S *throat. The men's friends interfere.*)

(DODGE *desists for a moment, then advancing again, cries out with vehemence:*)

Answer! Do not keep this suspense over me longer. Are you responsible for such uncalled for and unmanly deviltry? Answer!

(*For the first time* RALEIGH'S *voice quivers perceptibly as he says:*)

Why (*now with calmness*), I would rather reserve this meeting for some other place and another time, but if you press me, why then I suppose I will have to acquiesce.

DODGE. Answer!

RALEIGH. I did not say all you have attributed to me, but I did say that such a person is an objectionable quantity and an intolerable nuisance to polished society, and should be made to remain in their own sphere or rank.

(*Before* RALEIGH *has finished his last word,* DODGE *removes his right hand glove and gives* RALEIGH *a resounding blow with his ungloved hand upon his face, and adds:*)

You scoundrel, you vagabond, take that for your empty life and your empty words.

(*In an instant* RALEIGH *places his hand on his hip pocket, and half draws from it a glittering revolver; but before he can do more, his friend holds his hand tightly and he can move the revolver no further. In another instant he places the revolver back in his pocket, and says audibly, as he gains his equilibrium:*)

Heavens, heavens! I almost defeated my own purpose. This is the first time of my life.

(DODGE *stands glaring at* RALEIGH, *and orders him, in the name of his friend and partner,* MR. JANEWAY, *and on pain of a further humiliation from his own hands, to leave the house at once.*)

(RALEIGH *hesitates. His friend counsels him to leave without further delay, which he starts to do. Just as he gains the door he turns, faces* DODGE, *and says in calm and determined voice, mingled with contempt and sarcasm:*)

MR. DODGE, this matter has been opened, but it is not yet closed. You will hear from me again; not, however, in a way you have started it. You are contemptible and beneath my notice. Too much so for a physical encounter, but remember, remember—when you recognize my hand again there will be no quarter given. Remember this—remember! (*And he slams the door in* DODGE'S *face.*)

(*As* RALEIGH *leaves,* MR. JANEWAY *comes fairly running into the room and says, excitedly:*)

Can there be any disturbance at all? What does this mean, gentlemen? Someone has heard very loud and angry words within these walls. Can there be any disturbance at all?

(DODGE *calms himself at once, stands close to* MR. JANEWAY *and says:*)

Ah, sir, there is nothing—nothing at all the matter. Someone must have misinformed you.

(*As he says this,* KATHERINE JANEWAY *comes hurriedly into the room, and white from excitement, cries out:*)

Father, father, is there any truth in the report? Is there anything wrong?

MR. JANEWAY. No, no, my child; all is well. (*Then lightly:*)

I suppose it rose from the imagination of some sentimental or sensational person. Nothing at all; all is as quiet as can be. I have only found HARRY and BROWN, talking quietly over some business proposition, or project, as they are wont to do when alone.

(*A bevy of young ladies and gentlemen enter the room, fantastically dancing to the music from the ball room.* MRS. WESTERBURY *halts the dancers in military style, and then taking position in front of*

MR. JANEWAY *and* KATHERINE, *as* DODGE *and* BROWN *stand on either side, says in a very charming voice:*)

I and my company have come, sir (*addressing her words to* MR. JANEWAY), as a detail ordered by a large majority of guests to go and seek their host and hostess, and bring them to their honored positions in the grand march to the dining hall for supper.

(*Now all is merry and they laugh heartily. The music begins.* MRS. WESTERBURY *takes the arm of old* MR. JANEWAY. *Following their lead are* MRS. FLETCHER *and* BROWN, *and after them goes* KATHERINE *upon the arm of* DODGE, *while the others follow merrily and triumphantly afterward.*)

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(JACK RALEIGH *seated in a well appointed office on the top floor of a corporation building in lower Broadway, at eight o'clock in the morning, and three months later than the second act. He is in a large, comfortable looking leather covered revolving armchair, before a spacious table desk of fine and heavy material in the center of the room, which is handsomely furnished, as the President's office of a large corporation. He is first seen asleep, with head on arms, which are resting on the desk in front of him.*)

(*He stirs, then a telephone bell rings. This arouses him. Finally he gets up from his seat, walks over to the mantel, over the fire grate. He is in a reflective and thoughtful mood, and looks very pale and worn. After looking into blank space for a while he says, with much seriousness and dejection:*)

What a sacrifice we have to make for the little satisfaction gained in this race of life. (*Pause*

for several moments.) For three nights I have been unable to sleep. I lay in bed and try in every conceivable way to doze, but I have heard those wonderful chimes of the Cathedral every quarter, every half, three-quarters and hour, strike. Ah, no one knows what untold misery this is unless they have suffered as I have. This morning at three o'clock I could stand the strain no longer. I got up from bed, dressed and walked the streets, until I found myself in this office again at six-thirty, and have only succeeded in gaining a drowsy or semi-conscious state during the last half hour. (*Sighs and reflects.*) After all, what is life in this world? Is it really worth all we suffer to retain our hold upon existence? I am a disappointed man; when a lad, coddled by indulgent and well-to-do parents, the world looked very beautiful and encouraging, and this is the real happiness of life. Then later to school, to be instructed to conquer all conditions of strife and perplexing situations with philosophy, thus tending to obliterate all that obligation to our Maker, and to religion, that was so tenderly and rigorously imbedded in my young mind by a patient and loving mother, and a good and faithful rector of our church; finally to college, with more advanced study and the lectures of the wise professors, who gave us some room for doubt in God and His works, with their science of Nature, their chemistry, their

astronomy, and finally those all absorbing subjects of moral philosophy and of higher science which they thought should preserve a man so well all through this life and emancipate him from all difficulties that would come in due course of time, and then a long course of poetry to offset the prose of life and vice versa. Ah, which is right—that is the question for matured manhood to determine. Is it the simple teaching of God and His works from a loving mother's heart, or the more matured and cultivated contentions of the men of learning in the lecture rooms and the seats of advanced education? Yes, this is the question. (*Sighs deeply.*) Ah, yes—yes; too late, too late for me now. I have been a spoiled child, a too much educated student in the grand concourse of learning and study, I fear. I have experienced and possessed all that is attractive to the observing ones of this world. I have traversed all lands and seen all peoples; have been indulged in money for my every desire, and now there is nothing left in life for me. Everything seems contemptible from familiarity. There is not one thing I have desired which I have not obtained or conquered. Yes, this is true—this is true. (*Then suddenly arousing himself, he feelingly says:*) Ah, yes, yes—there is one more thing, there is one thing that I have failed in obtaining, and that was the life and love of my fiancee, which was so ruthlessly taken from me

three years ago. How horrible, how cruel, and what a beautiful and noble woman she was! (*Pauses a moment.*) Ah, yes, but what a coincidence, this meeting of KATHERINE. The ministers would call it the work of God; the philosophers would say, only a coincidence, or the work of the laws of gravitation; a mere circumstance in the course of events. The mystic or the superstitious would say it is the work of some good angel, your good luck, or that it comes from your guiding star. (*Now laughing hysterically.*) But I would say—yes, I would say, I know not whence it comes. A man like myself, and with such an education as I have received, and observing life from all sides, can only depend on what he sees with his eyes, and cannot trust the future or give credit to the past, or trust to any laws or direction for what takes place, and after researching all that is claimed by those who are supposed to know, I find that we know nothing at all; therefore my maxim must be, take care of yourself and leave all else to that something with infinite knowledge, and which is supposed to guide the world. If we are not endowed with infallibility, then surely we are not accountable for infallible deeds or creations. (*Now more sternly and decidedly:*) But I must take advantage of all the features of life with which I am endowed, and leave the rest for solution by the infallible. (*Pause. More engrossed:*) I love KATHERINE

JANEWAY—yes, even more than I ever did that soul which was taken from me on that eventful afternoon near KATHERINE'S home. I love KATHERINE JANEWAY; she has been placed in my way by some unknown law or direction, and it is now my solemn duty and purpose to place her in that position for which she is evidently intended, that of redeeming JACK RALEIGH and making a man of him in the end. (*More desperately:*) And at any cost—yes, at any cost, even to the last dollar I possess, or the last drop of blood that courses through my degraded body, which is now without a soul. Yes, this is all that is left for me. There is yet one glimmer of light in all the darkness before me, and this little flicker is the love I possess for that one fair creature; she may save me—she may make me. It is still within the power of this one little creature in the world to either save me and give me life, or to deliver me to desperation and even destruction. Ah, yes, yes—this is so. (*A few minutes later.*) And now it is time to take up the thread of this devilish business of destruction of others. The price is high, but the penalty is higher. I do not know about the future after this life; all that has been ground out of me. But I do know that while I exist there is only one thing left for me and my happiness, and that is to gain that fair hand and heart and love of the fair little maiden that means so much to me. (*He now walks fast*

and furious, and engages himself about the office.)

(*Takes out his watch; it is just 8.30 in the morning. He sets an electric signal for his confidential employees to enter, and the next moment* JACK RALEIGH *is determined upon the annihilation of all things between himself and* KATHERINE JANEWAY, *even if it means the taking of the life of a human being.*)

(*There is a knock at the door. Secretary* WILLIAMS, *of the Allied Companies of steel, oil, gas and matches, and many other interests, is admitted to the presence of President* RALEIGH.)

(WILLIAMS, *cool and calculating, stands by* RALEIGH'S *desk. He is servile-looking, and his features denote a lack of spirit and strength; in his hand he holds a large number of papers; at his side stands his stenographer; both wait.* RALEIGH *finally speaks, and dismisses the latter from his presence, and with much excitement in his voice, he earnestly asks* WILLIAMS *how domestic matters are progressing.* WILLIAMS *replies, showing humble respect:*)

Quite satisfactorily, sir, I am sure. We have cut prices very low, and results are already at hand. We are making inroads into the ranks of the National Match Company. We may have

to cut again, and even still lower to turn the full tide of trade in our direction; at least, to an extent that will be satisfactory for the purpose of our present move.

RALEIGH (*deeply interested, becomes excited*). Move with all haste to that end. Reduce prices; put on more force, offer all inducements consistent with apparent moderation, and sway the match trade of this country into our hands as decidedly and as speedily as possible, without becoming sensational in the Street, or in the circles of mercantile trade.

(RALEIGH *slams his fist upon his desk and says with emphasis:*)

We must let this matter go no further for many good reasons, and our opponent must be brought to terms at once. Spare no expense, spare no judicious expedient at any hazard. Make this report to your department agents, and order them to use all their forces, and to wrest our trade back from the National Match Company at any expense. Do this immediately. Communicate with them by wire; put our whole force in the field; reduce our enemies, and once more regain our position as Dictators of the Match Industry.

WILLIAMS. But, sir, do you mean to spare no expense, either in cost or in reduction in prices?

RALEIGH (*furiously*). I do, and I repeat it. Spare no time, no expense, nor consideration

whatsoever, except sensational methods, but gain that position we once held, as Dictators of the Match Trade.

(WILLIAMS *bows low, leaves the office, and as the stock indicator begins to print the first message of the morning from Wall Street,* RALEIGH *leaps to it.*)

RALEIGH. Ah, as I calculated, the Street is becoming nervous over their holdings in National Match stock. (*Then reads from the tape.*) National Match has become quite erratic, and sold down five points at close yesterday, due to reports that the Company is having some trouble financially, and owing to rumors afloat of strife between the Company and the opposing concern of the Allied Companies which are affiliated with the National Oil Company. (*Now excitedly, to himself:*) The time has arrived for concert action and a final blow, I believe. The Street has become nervous, brought about by a reduction in prices for our goods and the loss of sales by our opponent. Yes, now is the time for a decisive blow, and I must deal it to-day. (*Rings a bell, sends for* WILLIAMS, *says:*) Give further orders to drop prices lower than ever. (*Then:*) Please give me reports of our foreign trade.

WILLIAMS. We have taken possession of the foreign trade, and the National Match Company has had a great falling off in business in the foreign markets.

RALEIGH (*gasping excitedly:*) Make a report; make a report of this at once to Wall Street. Also state that our domestic business has returned to us greatly with our reduced prices. (WILLIAMS *hesitates a moment, says:*)

Sir, did you say make another great cut in prices?

RALEIGH (*yells*). Yes, yes. And why not? Why not? Why do *you* speak thus?

WILLIAMS. I was only thinking of our semi-annual report of expenses and of profits.

RALEIGH. When is this report to be made?

WILLIAMS. Within thirty days, sir.

RALEIGH. Good enough; in thirty days we will have our enemies at our feet, our business fully recovered, and enjoying more prosperity and better prices and profits for our matches than ever before. Do not think of this semi-annual report at all for the present.

(*Now a cynical smile about* RALEIGH'S *mouth appears in derision.*)

RALEIGH. Yes, yes, to-day; yes, to-day our opponent will be reduced and in our hands for our dictation. They have held out for a time, but to-night—to-night I will have their whole business within my hand's grasp. (*He looked the deathly look of triumph of the expectant conqueror, as he thought of all that would be his reward, by the destruction of others who would be in his way.*)

(WILLIAMS *leaves him at once.* RALEIGH *goes to the tape again as the ticker begins its work for the day.*)

(*He sneers*) Oh, oh! (*and reads:*) National Match has opened weak, and has fallen five points already.

RALEIGH. I will now wait a moment and see if it has any strength for recovery, and watch the effects of our report that WILLIAMS will make to the Street at once. (*Takes his seat. Secretary* SHORT *enters.*)

RALEIGH. Well, MR. SHORT, what have you to report about our personnel this morning?

SHORT. We have one man, sir, whom I have feared for some time upon our rolls, a college man, studied law and failed; entered our employment about three years ago, has a splendid record for tact, displays a wonderful power for convincing and controlling our customers, and seems to have them thoroughly under his jurisdiction; has been trusted with some confidential matters. He has applied for an increase in salary, but his returns scarcely justify an increase at this time.

RALEIGH (*thinks a moment, and then quietly:*) I think you said that you had some reason for fear in regard to this man. For what reason?

SHORT. He has scruples, sir; I am sure he has a mind of his own, and a conscience; has set ideas on morals regarding others in the world; in a word, he has explained himself on one occa-

sion when he said 'he likes to see the under dog have a chance.' This is the key to his character and his conscience.

RALEIGH (*thoughtfully*). You fear him, then?

SHORT. Yes, sir, I fear him for the reasons stated.

RALEIGH. Has he been honest?

SHORT. Honesty itself, sir. Upright to a degree, and thoroughly reliable, and has developed into a most capable man.

RALEIGH. Try him further; raise his salary; watch him closely; give him no further confidential work; find out his color, and if he has too deep a one for us and cannot be shaded, or if he is too strongly developed in character and conscientiousness for our work, give him rope and plenty of it, and he will possibly tie himself up eventually into a tangle from his own inventions. We will then have him within our grasp. If this does not work satisfactorily and he still has scruples about honesty and giving the under dog a chance, then find some pretext and discharge him; lower him easily, for fear he might become rebellious, and this, you know, would not do, especially as he has been in our confidence.

SHORT. Very well, sir, very well.

RALEIGH. Now what others have you to speak of to-day, MR. SHORT?

SHORT. All else seems well, sir.

RALEIGH. Very well.

SHORT. Good morning, sir.

RALEIGH. Good morning, MR. SHORT.

(RALEIGH, *with apparent relief, jumps up to the indicator, puts his hand to his head as though dreaming.*)

By heaven, by heaven, it has done more than I expected. The whole market is becoming wild and almost panicky. National Match in large blocks and selling ten and fifteen points below the opening, and other stocks are tumbling in sympathy. My, my, the time has arrived.

(*Steps to his desk and rings bell hurriedly. Personal secretary enters.*)

RALEIGH. Go and find JUDGE MARKS and bring him to this office. Hurry with all possible dispatch in my automobile. Find him at all hazards, and tell JUDGE MARKS that the matter is most urgent, and that he should endeavor to come at once.

(*As the secretary leaves the room another employee enters and hands* RALEIGH *a card, saying:*)

Sir, the gentleman says that he must see you; the matter is important, and a personal interview must be effected at once.

RALEIGH (*reads card, and cries out in dismay:*) UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL, UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL! Heavens, what brings him here at such a time? (*Then quietly and knowingly to*

himself:) I must see him; it will never do to refuse. (*To the employee, as he straightens himself up for an ordeal:*) Show MR. MARSHALL in at once. (RALEIGH *now brings all his reserve strength and agility to his command, preparatory to acting his part as well and as innocently as possible.* UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL *enters the office quietly.*)

MARSHALL. How do you do, how do you do, Jack, my boy? How are you?

RALEIGH (*rises and cautiously offers* UNCLE BILLY *a chair opposite to him at his desk*). Well, well, UNCLE BILLY, this is a surprise. The first time you have honored me thus during our very pleasant and long acquaintance.

MARSHALL. Ah, yes, yes, my boy, very unusual, I assure you, especially at this time of the day; quite informal to call at such an hour; but—but—the matter which I wish to see you about is consistent with the exigencies of the case.

RALEIGH (*acting surprised*). UNCLE BILLY, what can it be? What is it I can do for you?

MARSHALL. Well, Jack, to be plain and brief, I have come to ask you to let up on our poor boy, DODGE. The poor fellow is nearly dead. Not, however, do I come with his bidding, or even consent, or knowledge. But, you know, just to do a friendly act for a friend.

RALEIGH (*very surprised, looks innocent*). UNCLE BILLY, you have an advantage over me;

you puzzle me. (*Now looking somewhat scornful, but fails to disguise himself longer.*) What is it I can do to relieve your friend DODGE?

MARSHALL. Well, Jack, the whole Street is aware and full of the knowledge that you are driving the poor young fellow to a death struggle. I come as a last resort. He and my old friend, JANEWAY, are at the end of the rope, and are only struggling to hold on.

RALEIGH (*carelessly*). UNCLE BILLY, you and the Street are mistaking matters. I have no knowledge of what you say. If it appears to the Street that I am driving any one to the wall, it is without my knowledge. (*Pause for a moment.*) But I shall see if such is the case, it may be done in the course of business transaction in this office, but without my knowledge. You know lots of things are done in the interest of many of my concerns of which I am innocent, and without my knowledge.

MARSHALL (*now vexed at the seemingly deceitful pretense of innocence, with firm voice:*) Jack, Jack, what honor, or what lack of honor, seems to direct these large business concerns of this day? How can a man of your education and, I presume, refinement, stoop to such dastardly and contemptible means of management? Even though it gives you power and good returns in a monetary way? You people assume

too much, too much altogether, over a sovereign people. You are piratical—yes, piratical in its worst form. The pirates of old gave a chance to their prey, a chance to defend himself when in their hands. You do not. You steal upon him quietly and without observation with your underhanded system and stab him in the back, rob him, take his belongings and claim your innocence and immunity, because the poor victims can prove nothing openly in the courts. Due to the corrupt condition you have established through money in that body, which should be next to holiness, and beyond the reach of all worldly things, when honor and justice are involved.

RALEIGH (*very pale and much worked up in demeanor under the volley of scorching words, yet quietly*). UNCLE BILLY, you evidently have been reading sensational journalism, which in reality has little foundation.

MARSHALL. Jack, Jack, do not talk to me in this way. You poor fellow, you are a victim of the money craze. I dare say you would have been a decent and good fellow under such a code of honor as was practiced in my young days, which would give a man, especially one who needed it, a chance or a helping hand, and help to raise him when he was down, and never give a blow to one who was off his feet and at your mercy.

RALEIGH. But, UNCLE BILLY, I do not un-

derstand your errand. I am innocent of your attack.

MARSHALL (*now looking squarely and directly at* RALEIGH). Jack, Jack, do you say this with all the honor that is left in you, and with all the pride of manhood that is yet yours? If you do, I will say no more, and leave you without further parley.

RALEIGH (*confused, and losing some of his calmness*). UNCLE BILLY, I will look into the matter at once, and if my office is doing as you claim, I will see that it is stopped, providing there is no real commercial reason or cause for such an attack as you claim we are making.

MARSHALL (*contemptuously*). Ah, yes, yes, Jack; you speak as all persons do who try to evade.

RALEIGH. But, UNCLE BILLY, you forget my responsibilities. I am responsible to millions of people. I am responsible to widows and orphans for their bread and butter; their very existence depends on my office and the discharge of my whole duty; my stockholders hold me responsible for a faithful accounting of good earnings and returns for money invested into my hands.

MARSHALL. Yes, yes, but think of the shameless methods that your large concerns resort to, to gain these returns of which you speak; the crushing of life out of the young, the crushing of

morals out of the whole civilized world, and for what reason, what good is derived from such a sacrifice of morals to the world? What chance does a young man in your employ have to become honest and ambitious? None. He is taught from his beginning with you, by you and the damnable men around you, to lie and to take advantage of all whom he comes in contact with, without restraint or restriction, except for your own personal interests; first by gaining the confidence of the people at large, then their money—and giving in return as small value as possible; then you add injury to this dreadful deception by giving the ignorant, the too faithful, and the too credulous short measures and weights, and then render them excessive or incorrect bills for more than they bargained to pay. Robbery—robbery, pure and simple, and all this is done so that you can gain these good returns of which you speak for your dividends. (*Short pause.*) Who can compete with you? No one. You lower your prices to ruin competition, and then when you have ruined competition, you raise your prices again and get back all that you have lost, and then you make the people pay dearly for all they get. Do you think this good teaching of morals for the young men in your employ? No, your heartless system makes thieves of them and ruins their ambition to become good and honorable men.

RALEIGH. UNCLE BILLY, these questions are too much to be answered off hand, but I must say that the larger a concern, the more economy there is for our people and the world at large by the lowering of expenses of operation and the public receive the benefit in the way of cheap prices.

MARSHALL. Now, Jack, what good does this economy do when you make thieves of the young? What will the next generation be, and the following ones? Your system is the direct cause of discontent, besides a curse to the community. It generates highwaymen's attacks, the murderous robberies of the day, the bank thieves and other thefts in this country. The plain people of today are too well informed and educated to silently stand by and let you rob them repeatedly, without retaliation in some form, even though foul it may appear. Jack, Jack, my boy, your system is wrong, and it will only ruin itself in time. You cut your men's wages to the lowest notch and you raise your prices to the highest; therefore it will only be a matter of time when the people will be exhausted from the lack of means to purchase your products, and then a catastrophe will be at hand as your reward; then there will be a settling of differences on a more equitable basis, the world will go on as before, serenely as ever, until another snag in the evolution of events is reached, and then history will repeat itself once more. Enough of this at this

time; I will leave you in the hands of your protector. You plead ignorance; well, if you are ignorant or innocent, you will be rewarded, Jack; but if you are guilty, then you will surely pay the penalty in some way, as surely as the sun rises and sets; as honesty and the sun are governed by the same laws, and are beyond the power of man to deter. (*Shakes hands with* RALEIGH.) Good-bye, Jack, good-bye, and good luck to you, my boy. (*Leaves the office.*)

(RALEIGH, *very white and terrified, seems to totter under the strain. He rings a bell and asks an employee to order some stimulant for him. He turns a few papers over his desk, signs his name to some of them with a trembling hand, rings a bell, calls for* WILLIAMS *and asks him if* JUDGE MARKS *has yet been heard from. Instant later* JUDGE MARKS *arrives.* RALEIGH *again brings all his reserve strength to his command, takes the proffered draught.* JUDGE MARKS *enters the office.*)

RALEIGH (*light and airily*). Good morning, Judge, good morning; take a seat, sir. (*With a wave of his hand all employees leave the office.*)

RALEIGH. Judge, I am very much concerned and anxious about the injunction proceedings already in your hands regarding the National Match Company.

L. OF C.

MARKS. Yes—yes; well, sir, proceed.

RALEIGH. Judge, how soon could we have a decision?

MARKS. What is the time now?

RALEIGH. Just twelve-five, sir.

MARKS. Well, I will have to go to luncheon; that will take an hour. I open court again at one-thirty; by two-thirty a decision could be rendered.

RALEIGH (*with glee*). Good, good! Just the time; it seems as though Providence is with me in this case. Well, Judge, what do you think of the merits?

MARKS. Well, a match is a match, and I believe the greater portion of both matches in this case is wood.

RALEIGH. Quite so, quite so; all wood, except the little head.

MARKS. And what about the head?

RALEIGH. One is lighted by friction on some hard surface, and the other by blowing the breath upon it—some secret composition which the human breath ignites from a certain acid affinity.

MARKS. Very well; have you anything that you claim is near or within range of this peculiar head of the match of the opponents?

RALEIGH. Yes, sir; we have had our Egyptian agent send us a formula for just such a match that was unearthed in Egypt, and which was used, in all probability, thousands of years

ago by the Egyptians; therefore the match is nothing new.

MARKS. Hand me over the papers, please.

(RALEIGH *rings bell, has papers brought in and places them in* JUDGE MARKS'S *hand.*)

RALEIGH. Judge, that is a beautiful place you have up there in Connecticut, your country seat.

MARKS. Yes, it is; but I shall have to have more money for its completion.

RALEIGH. How much more, Judge, would you need?

MARKS. Well, probably forty thousand dollars would suffice for a while.

RALEIGH. Can I not be of use to you, Judge, and loan it to you?

MARKS. Yes, yes; I intended to ask you to help me out in this little affair of mine. Can you spare it?

RALEIGH. Yes, yes, certainly.

(*Rings bell; soon hands* JUDGE MARKS *a roll of greenbacks, saying:*)

Will this be sufficient?

MARKS. Oh, yes, yes; it will do to carry on improvements for a time, or for a month or two, or at least (*laughingly*) until you get your decision after this injunction to uphold your contentions of infringement by the National Match

Company, and finally get your restraining order permanently.

(JUDGE MARKS *rises from his seat to leave, the men mockingly joking with each other over some trifling incident of the day, and then speak of the weather, and as* JUDGE MARKS *is gaining the door both he and* RALEIGH *appear to have worked themselves into some form of levity, but which is purely affected.* MARKS *comes back to* RALEIGH'S *desk and says:*)

Oh, I had forgotten; I intended to tell you the latest story out my way.

RALEIGH. Do, do, Judge (*affecting a great deal of pleasure and anticipation and self-control*).

MARKS. We were on our way home the other afternoon on a local, while just in front of us sat an old man, apparently a farmer, and not used to affected city manners or ways. The conductor came through collecting tickets. When he approached the old man said, as the train was nearing a station, 'Conductor, is this Waterville?' The conductor replied, 'No, sir, this is not Waterville.' Pretty soon the conductor came through the car again as the train was nearing another station. The old man, with intensified interest, said to the conductor again, as he passed hurriedly, 'Conductor, is this Waterville?' The conductor told him that he was not at Water-

ville. Pretty soon the train stopped again. The old farmer once more caught hold of the conductor's sleeve as he attempted to pass in a hurry, and inquired if this was Waterville. The conductor, with some impatience this time, told the old man it was not Waterville. Soon the train stopped again, and just as the conductor was most busy at the end of the car, where the passengers were getting ready to leave the train, the old man made a bolt towards that end of the car, caught hold of the conductor's sleeve, and in a most inquiring and serious way said, 'Conductor, is this Waterville?' The conductor was now exasperated by the old man's perseverence, and said severely, 'My God, no; this is not Waterville; take your seat, please, and when we get to Waterville I will tell you.' The old man took his seat again, and wrapped himself in silence and contemplation. The train stopped and started, and the old man did not move this time. The train halted and passengers got off and on, but the old man kept his seat in silence and relied on the conductor. After a number of stops had been made, the conductor was again coming through the car and he espied the old man, whereupon the conductor became at once conspicuously confused. He pulled out his watch, looked at it, thought a moment, grabbed the bell cord and directed the engineer to back his train. He backed three miles to Waterville. The conduc-

tor fairly flew at the old man to hurry him out of the train as it stopped, and as he took hold of the old man's shoulders to help him out, he cried: 'Here you are, sir; here we are, old man, at Waterville; hurry, please hurry.' The farmer looked somewhat surprised at first, and then coolly and calmly said to the conductor, 'Ah, is this Waterville? Ah, thank you; thank you. My doctor told me to take a pill when I got to Waterville,'

Ha, ha, ha! (*Both* RALEIGH *and* MARKS *mockingly laughed. Then* RALEIGH *cries:*) Good, Judge, good; you are the best story teller I ever heard.

(JUDGE MARKS *leaves the office of the great corporation.* RALEIGH *leaps to the ticker again, and cries as a lion would with delight that is craving and almost has its prey in its grasp:*)

Oh, oh, it is here, almost here; revenge is sweet, and the sweeter when it is so thorough in its completion. That scoundrel, I told him he would feel me; I am sure he does now. I promised no quarter then, and I will give none to that ignorant fool. The impertinence, the assurance of such an ass, to try and insult me in the face of a great company, and at such a time. (*Now more calmly and reflectively, but severely:*) Well, well, it is severe, but it is no more than is due that young ruffian, and the fool that he is, a

good lesson for him for the future; he will, after this, possibly try to control himself better, and treat his superiors with more deference; a good lesson, I am sure, and in the end will prove a benefit to society and the man for whom it is intended. (*Again he takes up the tape, crying:*)

Heavens, see how the market is tumbling! See how it falls without support; why, our power is growing more and more daily. The whole Street seems afraid of our very breath when we make a report. What, National Match now only forty-five? A drop of thirty points only since yesterday. Ah, well, we will have to take care of our friends and advise them to purchase again after this day, of all others, has fulfilled our purpose. (*Hurriedly and excitedly calls for a messenger.*) I'll send orders to sell stocks right and left, and especially National Match, for the rest of the day to my brokers, and tell them not to allow the market to regain itself at least for the rest of the day, but to hammer and bear it to the utmost up to the closing hour. (*Raises his head and places his hands about it.*) A deadly coup, but it must be so; the stakes are high and they justify the means. I cannot live without her; the world would be no world at all, but a hell to me without KATHERINE. And all that stands in my way, or between me and her, must fall by the wayside. (*He almost falls from suppressed excitement and the strain of the day.*)

(*At that moment and unannounced,* MRS. WESTERBURY *comes into the office and calls out:*) Jack, Jack (*as familiarly as though she was calling on her husband or son.* RALEIGH *rises immediately at the first sound of her voice, as though magic controls him.*)

MRS. WESTERBURY. Why, Jack (*as she looks at him*), you are ill; what can be the trouble? You look so weary.

RALEIGH. Oh, nothing, thank you, MRS. WESTERBURY; only a little tired, I presume. Business pressure has been unusually heavy upon me of late, and I dare say that I show it in my appearance.

(MRS. WESTERBURY *goes to him, places her hand upon his head, and then drops upon her knees at his side, feelingly:*)

Why, my dear boy, you must be careful of yourself. You are too good and valuable to us all to allow yourself to become incapacitated in any one way. Why, Jack, how could we now get on without you! Always so kind and yielding whenever we are in trouble, or in need of your help.

RALEIGH. Ah, MRS. WESTERBURY, that is nothing; I have done nothing; do not speak of it at all. I fear I deserve none of your kind words, or am not worthy of your kind consideration at all.

(MRS. WESTERBURY *rises.* RALEIGH *also gets upon his feet and paces the floor impatiently.* MRS. WESTERBURY *goes to the other side of the room.*)

RALEIGH (*finally*). Have you any news for me to-day?

MRS. WESTERBURY. Jack, I have just left her, only a few short moments since. She, the poor little child, is looking worn in expression, is almost frantic, in fact, and seems to grow closer and closer to him in his distress; her uncultivated girlish instincts respond to him all the more in his trials and troubles. She seems as if she would give her very life for his relief; but, alas, she can do nothing; her hands are tied. DODGE, MR. JANEWAY and MR. MARSHALL, as well as some others of their friends, have given up everything —their homes are mortgaged, houses and all equipments, such as horses and equipages—they are all upon the brink of ruin, their last dollar is in the hands of the brokers to help to hold up their stock, as they think and argue it will tide them over this temporary reaction of the market, or an aggressive movement of their opponent in the match business. Oh, Jack, I felt so sorry for the poor little girl. Her face is white, her once beautiful hands and arms have shrunken now under the strain—and this is all I can tell you.

(JACK RALEIGH *for the first time looks haggard and serious with sympathy, and his*

head is bent low, and with eyes toward the floor in contemplation; he sighs several times and finally moans:)

Yes, yes, it is now too late; a desperate game, but it must now go on to the end and without interruption.

(*Now seemingly again to gain that aggressiveness and animal-like side of his spirit, he rings his bell again and gives orders to sell National Match in large blocks at any price it can be done, and becomes more active than ever.*)

RALEIGH. MRS. WESTERBURY, if you will allow me, I will give you some advice for yourself and your friends. Sell—sell short the whole market, and especially National Match, for the rest of the day. To-morrow buy the market and go long on the whole list, and if you do not make money or get some good returns for your trouble, let me know, and I will reimburse you for any losses you may have sustained.

MRS. WESTERBURY. Oh, Jack, Jack, you are always so kind; how can I ever repay you, especially now since I am so much in need of money. I have lost heavily of late, and must replenish..

RALEIGH. Well, you now have your chance, MRS. WESTERBURY.

MRS. WESTERBURY. I will go at once, Jack. and place some orders with my brokers. But

how about luncheon you promised me to-day? Will you not accompany me?

RALEIGH. Oh, no, no; I cannot to-day. Will you not excuse me? I have important business on hand, and will be here in my office till late this evening.

MRS. WESTERBURY. But, Jack, Jack, your health will not stand the strain; do be careful, do; will you not come and dine with me to-night?

RALEIGH. I will see. And many thanks for your kind invitation, but it will depend upon circumstances. If I am not at your home at eight o'clock, in answer to your kind invitation, you will know the reason.

(*Now becoming more impatient, he takes up the tape and says audibly:*)

The market responds splendidly to the lash of the whip in the hands of JACK RALEIGH.

MRS. WESTERBURY (*about to leave*). Jack, have you any money to spare to-day? I wish to take advantage of your kind recommendation to the fullest extent.

RALEIGH. Certainly, certainly, MRS. WESTERBURY; how much?

MRS. WESTERBURY. Say five or ten thousand till to-morrow, and when I take my profits from your suggestion, I will certainly return it. (*A ripple of humor passes over both faces.*)

RALEIGH (*significantly*). Shall I place this on the same account with the other you promised

to pay back some months ago, MRS. WESTERBURY?

MRS. WESTERBURY. Oh, Jack, Jack, you are really a tease. How can a woman keep her engagements like you men, who lead and mold your own destinies as you choose them, while we poor beings have to follow as best we can, both as to your wishes or directions.

(RALEIGH *has some money brought to him, and hands* MRS. WESTERBURY *a big roll of greenbacks.*)

RALEIGH. Good luck to you and to your friends. (*And he ushers her out of the office.*)

SCENE II.

(*Office of* BROWN, MARSHALL *and* COMPANY, *Wall Street.* HARRY DODGE *at indicator, clerks at different openings at the counter attending to customers.* DODGE *deathly pale and nervous. He reads aloud:*)

National Match, forty—a drop of sixty points. Heavens, what shall we do? All is gone now, I am afraid. Everything is mortgaged—the last thing, including pianos and jewelry have been pledged, and still a few thousands more might save us till to-morrow, when the market must reach the bottom. What shall we do? Something must be done for a few thousands more to hold off our creditors till morning, and then I am sure the market will have commenced its reaction. There is no foundation for this terrible break in our stock and the market generally, and they cannot carry it down much longer on lies—yes, real lies and mere misrepresentations. But how, but how (*wrings his hands and seems to totter as he thinks a minute; one of the clerks says to a messenger, Yes, the other stock will take to-morrow, just hold it till the morning; we will*

then discharge all our obligations. HARRY DODGE *hears the words of his faithful clerk.*)

DODGE (*in resolute tones*). Yes, yes, it must be done; something must be done to carry on our business for an hour more. It is now two o'clock and our fight will be waged most furiously from now till three; one hour left, and I must save the day or all is lost—yes, all is lost.

(*He disappears quickly into the private office. Many men are now coming in noisily and hurriedly for collections and settlements. The clerks are busily paying off pressing claims, and putting off those that are not so pressing till the next day. As the time goes on, more and more messengers arrive, till the office is almost besieged with young and middle-aged men collecting and making settlements for brokers.* HARRY DODGE *emerges again, in company with* UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL *and* MR. JANEWAY.

DODGE. Yes, I will go to the New American and to the First National Banks, and make an offer to pledge our whole interest and my secret for the manufacture of our match for a loan of seventy thousand dollars, at twenty per cent. for three months. It is a desperate chance, but we must save our honor, ourselves and business future. Even our bread and butter depend on this last chance. The secret I have held next to my

life-blood, and when this is gone, the chances are our proprietary product will be gone forever. But do you not think this best, UNCLE BILLY? Do you not think so, MR. JANEWAY?

MR. JANEWAY. My boy, you are noble, and you are making a noble fight. We have done all in our power. You hold the last straw on which the whole network of our lives and existence now seems to depend. You hold it, and if you think proper of giving your secret away under the circumstances, with the hope of holding the ship together, then go, and may God be with you in your honorable undertaking; and we will await your return before closing our doors finally and placing things in the hands of a receiver.

UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL. Seventy thousand dollars will hold us up on margin to a selling point of twenty-seven and a half for our stock, but if anything else occurs to frustrate or reduce us further, then even the seventy thousand dollars will be of very little avail to us.

DODGE (*more hopeful*). They can do no more; they have said and done all that they can. It is too late for a decision from any court today, and they are now at the end of their lying and treacherous means in this dastardly game of ruin. The people will believe no more of their lies, mark you, after the close to-night, and if we can save ourselves up to the closing hour, then we will be able to recuperate, I am sure, for to-

morrow will be Saturday, business will become inactive, and by Monday people will believe them no longer. They have had their run and the reaction is due.

UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL. All right, my boy, I hope you are right in your prognostications. At any rate, try it, try it; you at least have one chance left, and of course you must never give up a chance when in this predicament, if that chance be honorable, notwithstanding the fact that you are dealing and fighting against modern thieves.

(*The next moment* DODGE *leaves the office.* UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL *and* MR. JANEWAY *return to their private offices. Now the excitement commences to be greater and greater; more people arrive for settlements. Many are running about whispering to each other significantly. The clerks at the counter have all they can do to keep the noisy crowd from clamoring for settlements as they move about the office excitedly. The clerks work slowly and take as much time as possible to make partial settlements, so as to extend the time given each customer as long as possible, till three o'clock should arrive. The ticker is now working frantically while the market breaks again. Some young fellow reads out loud:*)

National Match thirty-five; National Match, 10,000 shares sold at thirty-three.

(*The crowd become more excited than ever and make desperate efforts to have full settlements made. The scene becomes more and more terrible, and more noise and excitement is indulged in.* HARRY BROWN *comes to the counter and directs the clerks to hold out as long as possible, or until* DODGE *returns with some money. He speaks to the crowd and asks them to at least be gentlemen and fall into line and to be orderly, adding that their claims would be settled as soon as possible. Some of the men go out of the office to bring their employers to help them gain recognition. The clock's hands point to two-thirty. Soon the office is filled with a howling mass of men clamoring towards the counters, demanding settlements. Just at this time several policemen come into the office and clear a way for a number of other men who have bags of gold upon their shoulders. As the precious metal rings out upon the hard wood counters, a mighty yell and cheer goes forth from the surging masses of men now in the office. Bag after bag is opened, and payments of all accounts are now commenced in earnest, and the excitement subsides.*

At two-forty DODGE *comes in, panting terribly from excitement. He is met at the door and congratulated and embraced by his elder associates and* HARRY BROWN. *He stops for nothing, but takes a window at the counter and commences to pay out the money gained by his efforts, as fast and as indifferently as though it were water, or there was plenty of money to be had. Just now some one at the ticker cries out: Look, look! And many eyes rest on the tape. Some one yells in excitement:*)

A decision! A decision arrived at in JUDGE MARKS'S court.

(DODGE, *ashen in color, seems to doubt himself. He falters as a man at the tape reads out aloud:*)

JUDGE MARKS issues a restraining order with pending injunction against the National Match Company, based upon the fact that the products of the contending parties are so nearly alike, especially since the major portion of matches are made of wood, and is the same material, all except the head, and since the Allied Companies hold a secret for the manufacture of matches, to be lighted by the same means as those manufactured by the defending company, he therefore issues an order of restraint upon the defendants, the National Match Company, and orders that

they show cause why they should not be permanently restrained in the manufacture of the alleged secret match of later date than that held by the complainants, for he finds the Allied Companies held their secret long before the National Match Company came into existence, and that the secret is many hundreds, if not thousands, of years old, and is an Egyptian creation.

HARRY DODGE (*now in terror, cries out*). A lie, a lie; another lie they resort to. The scoundrels have even debauched the judiciary in their dastardly efforts to ruin me.

(*He staggers to the tape to read for himself, while* MR. JANEWAY *and* UNCLE BILLY MARSHALL *and* BROWN *are standing by. He sees the facts with his misty eyes. The next thing he reads is blocks of National Match dropping five and ten points at a time, and the whole market in a whirlwind of wild rage, and tumbling at the rate of ten and twenty points on each sale. As the tape is run off a fresh avalanche of people are at the door, wild with excitement, clamoring and entering in a frenzied state, and making demands in great excitement. There is turmoil with this howling mass of men, who seem more like demons than mortals at this instant. And in the wildest of the wild excitement*

DODGE *starts to leave the indicator. It is too much for him; he totters, speechless. The next moment he throws his hands up into the air and falls heavily upon the floor. In an instant many men are about him, tenderly raising his head. "He breathes yet," says one. "Send for a doctor," cries another. "Bring water," comes from another.*)

(*The curtain falls for a moment.* DODGE *is removed. Then the excitement commences again with fresh demands by the yelling masses.* BROWN *mounts a chair in the office; he takes off his hat; the noise subsides for a moment.*)

BROWN (*sadly*). Gentlemen, gentlemen, I am pained beyond expression to say a death has occurred just now, within our doors. Our collaborator and special partner of this firm, MR. HARRY DODGE, has just expired.

(*Many hats are taken off; a number of men leave the office quietly, while a number of others cry out, Shame, shame! Soon all hats are doffed; the crowd awaits further information.*)

BROWN (*continuing*). Owing to the distressing condition of the market and the death of our special partner, and our reserve being overthrown, which we hope will be temporary only,

we shall have to assign, and further payments will have to be discontinued at once. We therefore request you to leave the office quietly, without further excitement, in respect to the sudden death of MR. DODGE.

(*The men commence to leave the office quietly, with uncovered heads.*)

ACT. IV.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

(*Surroundings same as first act; time, four years later, and about nine months later than the third act. It is the day before Thanksgiving. Scene, a large, commodious but moderately furnished parlor in* MR. JANEWAY'S *Long Island home.*)

(KATHERINE JANEWAY *is looking somewhat older and sadder and more serious than ever before, and aged considerably since act second. She is attired in a neatly fitting suit of black and white. She is not so vivacious, but is still a loving and tender attendant and housekeeper for her devoted but depleted old father.*)

(*It is just after breakfast, or about ten o'clock in the morning.* MR. JANEWAY *is seated near the hearth reading the morning papers, while* KATHERINE *is preparing some warm article of wearing apparel for him, to be used in cold weather.* MR. JANEWAY *reads from the papers that* JACK RALEIGH'S *companies are in a flourishing condition; that their earnings will*

be enormous at the end of the year, and while he makes no bitter comment, his voice shows that he longs for some relief from his embarrassed financial condition, as he says, with sorrow in his voice:)

Well, the companies seem to flourish, and all those who could put up with their abusive attitude and despotic dictation, submitting to all that is required of them, with a submission more fit for a dog than a man, will have recourse to a full purse this year for Christmas shopping for their families, while I, who could not submit to such plutocratic action on the part of the few in control without resentment, will have to go without money to buy my poor child a Christmas gift, and to give her sufficient means to help her make some unfortunate ones in the world happy, as she has so lovingly done in former years.

KATHERINE. Ah, father, do not talk thus; you have done and now do for me more than any child could expect; you have humored my every request; you have done for me more than any child could expect from a loving and devoted father. (*She goes to him, places herself at his feet, and says:*)

Oh, if I could only do something to relieve this great strain of misfortune from the head of my poor father. This is my whole thought now, and is foremost in my mind at all times, and to-

day especially. This is what I must think of to-day.

(*All is said with such earnestness it makes an impression upon the old gentleman, who answers:*)

My dear, what do you mean, and why so especially to-day?

KATHERINE. This of all days will, I am sure, be the most trying of all my life. It is all too much, too much for me, and I have sent for our good curate to come and consult with me.

(MR. JANEWAY *assumes the attitude of reading what* KATHERINE *means, and says out boldly, without reserve:*)

KATHERINE, KATHERINE, my dear (*as he strokes her head*), do you love JACK RALEIGH?

KATHERINE (*much terrified and trembling at this juncture*). Father, I cannot tell you at this time; somehow I have always been drawn towards him. He seems to have had such a struggle in the world, even though he is very rich. Everybody seems to think so horribly of him; and why, can you tell me?

MR. JANEWAY (*looks far off and serious for a time*). All people, of course, with great responsibilities and who have to wield their actions both diplomatically and radically in order to hold an exalted position, as does JACK RALEIGH, will always have enemies, if not from real, from imaginary or fancied causes, emanating from jeal-

ousy. RALEIGH himself has always been respectful to me, and I am sure would be friendly, should I make known to him that I desired aid from him in any one way. He was blamed by our poor boy Harry for his downfall, but who can prove this, or even assert it with any degree of certainty? And of course, a man in an envied position such as RALEIGH occupies, will always be held responsible for all sorts of conditions that do not coincide with public opinion, whether he is innocent or otherwise. I dare say he gets credit and is held responsible for many things personally that, in reality, is not done by him at all. To-day in commerce it is like war, and strife is rampant on all sides when fighting competition for supremacy, and a commercial general is no more personally responsible for his tactics and blows given his enemies than the general on the field who fights for a cause, and not for his personal benefit, nor from his own dictation or feeling. It is the condition of present day society that requires it, and the commercial general of to-day is one person at heart and another in action, as they are expected to carry out the orders and directions of other heads. RALEIGH commands an army and is responsible to a multitude of people who owns the interests he represents, and, therefore, no matter how his heart and head appeal to him for action, he is delivered up to his people, to carry on the warfare to victory, and to

save and advance their interests at all hazards. I do not to-day hold men at the head of these great institutions personally responsible for their actions, as I did some years ago, but I hold the community at large responsible for allowing such conditions to exist. It is an epoch and will be changed in its own good time, and when people are educated and enlightened as to their mistakes. It all is as fair under the conditions for one man as another; therefore, the commercial captains of to-day are as the war captains of old, and they are men at heart, but generals of the head and direction.

(*Pause.* KATHERINE *seems deeply interested in all her father says.*)

KATHERINE. Father, what is the real cause of all this strife and trouble in the world, and how could it be changed? Could one human being do much toward making a change?

MR. JANEWAY. Ah, my dear, I am afraid one human being could do but little towards making a change, for society itself is wrong, and our men need changing from imitations of men to real men, men of head and soul and body, who can and will act individually; not men in form only, who can only imitate and do things because others do them. Ah, this is what we need, and when it is done, or when men are real men, then we can boast of our civilization in reality, and we need not say what advancement we would

have, and what a saving in economics would be at hand. The great trouble in the world is that we all do things from precedent, especially if this precedent tends to advance our own individual interests, or we may gain worldly things thereby, we will follow it even if, in the following, we have to resort to means of dishonesty. We need individuality and men, and not cowards, as are our leaders to-day. Society needs changing from the root; our men need changing from their foundation to their heads; they need remaking, so as to change them from apes to men, and real men; yes, to real men with strength and courage to be honest and fair in their dealings with others. This is what we need, my dear, this is what we need, and I dare say JACKSON RALEIGH is no worse than the rest. He is not so much responsible as is society itself, for he is too frail and weak to stand alone, and is compelled to follow other people's example, precedents and actions to cope with them for the purpose of having success, as success is looked upon and known to-day. Men need mental development on a higher plane to meet the present conditions; civilization and advancement require better development in men of the mind and heart than we have. We do not need cowards and imitators, but brave men and with an individuality. Such men as could look starvation and destitution in the face and laugh at it when it becomes a matter of choosing be-

tween questionable deeds and honesty and uprightness in our affairs and business. Yes, my dear, our men are as you have said, only yet as infants, and they surely need development. We need men strong enough to give up the petty pursuits of deception and selfishness for the greater and nobler accomplishments of generosity and honesty. Anything of the animal kingdom or of humankind is strong enough to be deceptive, but it requires a man of courage and strength to be honest, especially when he is only responsible to his own conscience, and such strength and nobleness of character can only be derived from mental development; and this alone can lead us to and along the road of the highest attainment in a just, free and powerful civilization. And now, my dear, I can only add, we need men who can stand alone and give up the subterfuge, the hypocrisy and the deceit of this day for real honor, and can rise to that condition where simple truth and simple honesty will prevail for the sake of simple manhood. This, my dear, will make the change, and this only can produce any real change in our mode of spending one-half our lives in perpetrating deceptions and the other half in trying to remedy the condition.

(*There is a ring of the door bell.* KATHERINE *starts.* NINA *announces* CURATE ROLLINS*; he is ushered into the room. He*

is as of yore, loving in nature and especially attentive to KATHERINE, *and is heartily received by* MR. JANEWAY. *Greetings are exchanged, then* MR. JANEWAY *thinks of something he has to do in the library, and leaves the parlor.* KATHERINE *and the Curate are alone;* KATHERINE *becomes nervous and restless and even shy, not knowing how to carry out her determination. Finally says:*)

CURATE ROLLINS, I have a story to tell you; I would appreciate your opinion of it. It reminds me of some I have read. Probably as I go on you will recognize some of the characters. You are my only friend; you, who are always so kind; it seems to me you have taken the place of mother with me in directing me in all things whenever I am puzzled and do not know how to act, and I have always been so happy and glad afterwards that I have taken your advice.

CURATE ROLLINS. Ah, do not speak thus, Miss KATHERINE, but do proceed, and if I can in any way be of service, you know it is my duty as an officer of the church of God, as well as the interest I have always taken in you and your affairs, to advise as best I could; and this confidence, I hope, will never be marred, but increased as time goes on.

KATHERINE. How good you are, how good!

(*In a dreamy manner, as she now seems to look and think of far distant things.*)

(*The minister gets up from his seat and paces the floor, while* KATHERINE *says:*)

Once by accident a young girl met a fascinating and wealthy man. There was an unmistakable attachment at once. Circumstances caused them to be separated for a time, and later they again met under different conditions. The man had had much trouble, even to the losing of his fiancee. The girl had become somewhat swayed in her first impressions of the man by the coming into her home of another who was both kind and honest, but who had never appealed to her very much, for some unknown reason, after the second meeting of the first man. The girl was amid a whirl of life and excitement, being thrown among a great concourse of many and restless people of wealth, in a way which almost turned her head from anything that was plain or simple. She desired position, wealth and a man who was able to hold sway in any company. While the second man was of an honest nature, he lacked tact, and was narrow in many ways, while the first was just the reverse; he was both tactful and brilliant in any company or position. The first man is now accused of a great wrong, as many of his class are at times, who are in a great position, and commanding influence of this day; indeed, some say he is the cause, through persecution, of the

death of the second man, not directly or by his own hand, but, as I say, by persecution in other ways. But this cannot be proven and cannot be said with any degree of certainty, any more than any other thing can be said that is not proved. The girl has lost her ambition to become a society belle; she has tired of it, and it does not appeal to her, nor to her life or character. It seems an empty existence to her. As I said, the second man is now dead; the first is more persistent in his entreaties to win the girl's heart and hand than ever before. He acknowledges that he is no model of earthly perfection, but is a man of the world; he realizes that he has done things which have caused him to repent; in fact, he says there is only one thing left in the world for him, and that is the girl in this story. She and she only can redeem him, and keep his life, which has become cold and bare and without interest, from fatality. She holds his destiny in her hands, and if she refuses him he is lost, and if she accepts him, he is redeemed and a new life will be awakened unto him, and she will be the director of his destiny, and will teach what is good and right to him. In a word, he claims the girl will be his holy director, and make him see good in all things instead of the reverse; and now in conclusion, the girl has nothing to appeal to him in the way of wealth. He is rich and the girl is poor in worldly things, and now as she bows her head

she asks you, in humble spirit, what should a girl do in such a case?

(CURATE ROLLINS *has already stopped by the side of* KATHERINE *in his earnestness to hear every word from her own lips, and finally, in quiet and decided tones, says:*)

Does the girl love this man?

(KATHERINE *takes a long breath, as if almost penetrated to the heart with these searching words. She recoils and then says:*)

As I have said, there seems some affinity which appeals to her.

(*The minister, in resolute tones, then says:*)

If only an affinity, then wait till love itself comes. Wait, wait until then, and never before give your consent and life to a man of questionable character, and who only holds a suggestion of love as an affinity appeals to one.

(*There is a long, strained silence after this.* CURATE ROLLINS *speaks first, and in a way that is more than the earnest appeal of a curate, but more of a man who holds strong regard for the person to whom he speaks; says:*)

KATHERINE, KATHERINE, I know your story; I know your characters. I have waited and waited for you to speak thus. Yes, and more than this—I have prayed for you from the first day of your meeting with him four years ago—your

meeting with JACKSON RALEIGH—I prayed for you, and your delivery and guidance from all that was thrown in your path in the great metropolis; prayed that you would be delivered whole and clean of heart, of soul, of body. God has been good to you and to me; you have been saved up to this time; you have unfolded yourself to me, and now I can only repeat, as I know your heart and head, that you should, under the circumstances, wait; wait for further developments and for the unfolding of your entire soul, which must direct your love to the man of whom you speak, before giving your decided and unreserved answer to become his wife and partner for life.

(*Just now there is a ring at the bell.* KATHERINE *starts and says:*)

It is he, it is he, for his answer. Oh, my; I feel so nervous; do not leave me (*she pleads*); do not leave me.

(ROLLINS *enters the adjoining room and awaits the arrival of* RALEIGH, *who soon enters the parlor and looks at* KATHERINE, *who seems very much agitated. He is surprised as she receives him somewhat coldly and he says:*)

KATHERINE, KATHERINE, are you ill? (*Goes to her side*). KATHERINE, this, I hope, will prove to be the happiest day of my existence. (*Now attempts to take her hand; she tenderly but decidedly withdraws it.* RALEIGH *looks per-*

plexed and uncertain. They both stand aloof for a while, until RALEIGH *says:*)

KATHERINE, KATHERINE, you know the cause of my visit on this morning; the suspense is agonizing; speak, speak—can you not relieve the tension in which I am placed?

(*She demurs, seems frightened, does not say a word; she is undecided and irresolute in pose.* RALEIGH *goes to her side, takes her hand by force, saying:*)

Allow me to relieve you of the embarrassing position. (*Then loudly and earnestly:*) Allow me to answer for you; may I not take all for granted?

KATHERINE (*cries out*). Oh, Jack, Jack, do not—do not press me thus. If you only knew all and the truth. Oh, if I could only do as you ask, I would, I would; but my heart does not dictate it to me. Why do you persist in this manner? I would do all and everything for you I could; I have regard for and sympathize with you; but, Jack, my heart is not ready to give you the answer you desire.

RALEIGH. But, my dear, the suspense is intolerable—more than I can bear longer. If you only knew the value I place upon your words today, my dear, you would not question me further in regard to my purpose. Oh, KATHERINE, do not wait longer; tell me—tell me at once.

(*Now without waiting further* RALEIGH *attempts to fervently embrace her. She again withdraws and says:*)

Jack, you must not assume such a liberty. (*They now separate for a few feet of space.*)

RALEIGH. KATHERINE, what can be the cause of all this? Are you ill, or do you yet insist upon torturing me longer with a weary existence that turns days into years and makes my life a hell on earth to me?

(*After a moment or two's reflection both* RALEIGH *and* KATHERINE *seem to become calmer.* RALEIGH *is the first to speak, and with calmness and spirit, yet earnest, says:*)

You know the purpose of my visit to you on this morning, this morning of all the days before I have cherished to think of as would be the happiest of my life, and you know the killing suspense under which I exist, and would continue without that which I seek, your heart and hand. I have told you all; you know I love you as no other mortal could love another. I am ready to place myself at your feet; think, KATHERINE, deeply and soundly of what I say. KATHERINE, think of the responsibility that is upon your soul on this day. My very reason, my life, my soul and body depend upon the few words you tell me on this day. I need you; I need your honor, your innocence, your blossom of youth, your

kindly spirit, your warmth of heart, all of which is known to me in that one little phrase—*love*—love, yes, love, infused into my body and my soul that is so cold and desolate, and is yearning for that one and only person in this world to warm it into manhood again. (*Short pause.*) My experience in the world as it stands has made me a demon among men, I fear, and I need you, KATHERINE, I need you, I am sure, to lead me back and show me again that path of life as is like innocent childhood; yes, to return me to honor and innocence, and to help me to forget and to forgive and to seek repentance and forgiveness from all whom I have wronged, as I fear I have done in my duty as I have seen it, for the good of others as well as for my own selfish desires and as the world has taught me to do from its coldness and the experience I have had with others. You, KATHERINE, and you only, can do this for me, can return me to that which I have gone away from in my glittering and garnished pursuits in this life.

(RALEIGH *now stops and waits for further words to come to him. Finally he says:*)

KATHERINE, think of this deeply; think of it deeply and thoroughly before you give me your answer to-day, but whatever you say, let it be final, either one way or the other. This suspense is more than I can bear longer; I am a poor, starving soul, longing for the warmth of an in-

nocent and pure soul in my life. Think, KATHERINE; you have a grave responsibility to-day; you have a heavenly and godly duty to perform. I come to you to-day to save a soul from purgatory, and to help weave it into condition for God's final resting place in Heaven. This will be my last appeal to you; the answer must be final to-day. I have waited now more than a year, and to me this has been more than a lifetime. KATHERINE, think again and again, and weigh this grave responsibility in your tender way with accuracy and with the regard I have learned to think you hold for me. Weigh all carefully, for this will either save a tormented life and change its spirit into one of goodness and real life, or send it at once to where I cannot tell. I am a wealthy man, as you know; see what good you could do as well as saving one poor soul. There will be enough at your command to make others happy in this world, and this would help me to atone for any evils which might be laid at my door. KATHERINE, I can say no more, dear; will you be mine and mine forever?

(KATHERINE JANEWAY *is trembling violently. She turns to speak; the tears seem to drown her voice. She offers her hand.* RALEIGH *takes it fervently, but respectfully, as she says:*)

Jack, I can't; I can't tell you to-day. You must wait—you must wait.

(RALEIGH *turns very pale and pleads desperately for a final answer by saying:*)

I cannot wait longer; it is due to both of us, to you, KATHERINE, as well as myself, to have a final answer at once.

(*Intense silence again.* KATHERINE *now becomes calmer under the great responsibility, and says:*)

Do not press me further. Could you expect me to give you my heart, which is not yet ready? I have always held a strong regard for you; I have always thought you have been unjustly treated by others. I have sympathized and felt more than this. My regard and sympathy have almost won my frail heart to you, but yet there is a lacking in fullness that prevents my feeling safe in saying to you what you wish, and makes me say that I can't accept you as my love and partner for life; and now since this is the case, you, at least, expect me to be honorable. I can only say as I have said before, you must wait—wait till that fullness is come.

RALEIGH. KATHERINE, the sweetest of all good souls I have met in this world, this is a heavy blow, a heavier one than you can imagine, believe me.

(RALEIGH *looks as if his very heart strings were rent asunder.*)

RALEIGH. I cannot expect more, for it is my lot to take the consequences and take them as I

can. (*Silence a moment or two.*) KATHERINE, I must leave you now, but remember me always as one who would have done and lived and died as a whole soul for your good and your good only. Remember me after this parting as a soul who would have been consecrated to you, the one in this world who could have changed my existence at your bidding, and now the time is at hand for me to say farewell.

(*Then without waiting for another word, as if bewildered, he starts for the door.* KATHERINE *is now nonplussed or dazed.* RALEIGH *returns into the room again and says:*)

Farewell, KATHERINE, dear, farewell. (*Seemingly in a dazed condition, takes her hand in his and kisses it twice and says:*) Remember me for the good intentions I held for you. Will you allow me to kiss your hand again, KATHERINE? (*She does not answer.*)

(RALEIGH *now turns and reaches for her hand. She withdraws it. The next moment* RALEIGH, *seemingly half crazed, reaches the door.* KATHERINE *stands in silence a moment, then screams.* CURATE ROLLINS *enters.*)

ROLLINS. KATHERINE, KATHERINE—

KATHERINE. Oh, I feel so alarmed! Oh, I feel so agitated and lonely!

(CURATE ROLLINS *takes her hand.*)

ROLLINS. You must calm yourself. You must calm yourself, and trust that all will be right in the end.

KATHERINE (*half dazed*). Thank you so much for all you have done. I feel now that you have advised me aright again. Oh, let us hope so—let us hope so. What would I have done without your advice and help, and the strength your words seemed to give me in this ordeal.

ROLLINS. KATHERINE, KATHERINE, let it be so. Let it be so for the present, and as time goes on let us grow to understand each other more and more. Let our interests become more and more alike; let our lives become more and more conformed. Let our motives in life become more and more cemented; in a word, let us grow nearer and nearer to each other. (*Silence.*) KATHERINE, KATHERINE, one year hence, or when all this is forgotten or when you feel there is no other one you can give that place in your life I seek, let us become more and more as one concrete, inseparable form of God's great family upon this earth, and until he calls us forth to the life everlasting. Let us become more and more as one.

(KATHERINE *sways from exhaustion.* ROLLINS *gently places his arm about her for support.* KATHERINE *looks toward the ground.*)

KATHERINE. How could I answer now? How could I do as you wish at this time?

ROLLINS. No, no—not now, but when you are free, and when this trouble is at an end, and when all this is passed. If you can forget, or when there is no other one you should rather favor than me, and when we grow nearer and nearer to each other through God's grace, then you will answer, will you not? (*Silence.*)

KATHERINE (*softly*). Yes, yes—at that time I will answer. (*Just now a pistol shot is heard, and another report follows the first immediately.* KATHERINE *shrieks and falls into the arms of* CURATE ROLLINS*; the next instant* MR. JANEWAY *rushes into the room and cries:*)

Heavens, heavens! JACKSON RALEIGH has returned, and taken his own life in the front of my home.

(KATHERINE *swoons,* CURATE ROLLINS *raises his hand heavenward and earnestly says:*)

God's will be done!

(THE END.)

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